

THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE OF TUTANKHAMEN.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1923.

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## WRECKED WHILE BOUND FOR BARRY, TO LOAD COAL: THE GERMAN FIVE-MASTED BARQUE "ADOLF VINNER."

The "Adolf Vinner," here seen wrecked on the rocks at Green Lane Cove, near the Lizard, met disaster just before nightfall while bound for Barry, where she was to take in a cargo of coal. She was a new barque, and on her first voyage. The rocket life-saving apparatus established communication with the fore-part of

the vessel. Seventeen of the crew were hauled ashore in the breeches-buoy; but the captain and six others refused to leave their ship. Eventually, increased severe weather drove these to the rigging, where they remained for over ten hours. They were taken off the next morning.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE may reasonably expect that the Egyptian excavations will produce an Egyptian fashion in English drawing-rooms. It cannot, indeed, be hoped that the fashion will pursue all the possibilities of the fancy. Furniture dealers and decorators will surely take a hint from those beautiful bedsteads and tables, that are rounded off with the heads of wild beasts, or rest upon the feet of quadrupeds. I have wondered since childhood why more was not made of the parallel; ever since I could sit on a wooden horse as if it were a chair, or bestride a chair and pretend it was a horse. And it would be pleasant to wave our friends towards a hospitable board that terminated in the tusks or horns of a great glaring elephant or elk. But I fear that the fashion will not go to all its possible limits. It is doubtful if the furniture-dealers will deal in mummy-cases for modern corpses, or treat such painted coffins as furniture. It is doubtful if we shall ever see poor Uncle Henry or the late lamented Aunt Mary standing about the drawing-room in an embalmed condition. Such artificial preservation seems to have been natural to the old Egyptians in the moral atmosphere of their own religion, whatever it may have been. For even when we come to know a little of the religion, we know nothing of the atmosphere. But to Christians the practice would seem as creepy as keeping a stuffed grandfather in a glass case. For us, decay itself is more decent; corruption itself is less loathsome than that stiff masque of life; and there is more hope in visible dissolution than in that terrible terrestrial immortality.

But it is probable, as has been said, that the Egyptian fashion will fall short of the Egyptian religion. The society lady may wear the veil of Isis, though perhaps less consistently than the goddess. But I rather doubt whether society gentlemen will assume head-dresses simulating the heads of dogs, in the manner of Anubis; and even whether the ladies will all wish to identify themselves with cats, in honour of Pasht. It is more likely that for a little time the conventions of decoration might be affected, and possibly in decorative literature as well as decorative art. The lotus might be substituted for the rose, or even the ibis for the nightingale. But it will be long before any spontaneous Western poet speaks of the ibis as Keats spoke of the nightingale, or of the lotus as Ronsard spoke of the rose. These things are decorative precisely because they are dead; they can be used upon screens and carpets precisely because they have been flattened like dried plants in an album, or microscopic sections on a slide. What the living Egyptian religion was like, not the most learned man can possibly tell. For we know how wildly the most learned can misunderstand even a living religion. And even our guesses about it have been a great deal vulgarised by the trick of writing trashy tales and theories about reincarnation, which always revolve (I cannot imagine why) round the mystery of ancient Egypt. So far as I know, Egyptian religion did not involve reincarnation. I cannot imagine why romances of reincarnation should always involve Egyptian religion. They also generally involve Egyptian royalty; and those recovering the memory of their former lives seldom fail to remember having been Egyptian princesses, or the lovers of Egyptian princesses. It would seem that, at that stage of the earth's history, all the inhabitants were Egyptians, and all the Egyptians were royal personages. If I have lived before in remote ages, I would much rather have been an ancient Chinaman. I might have been an ancient Chaldean or an ancient Persian. It even seems barely possible that I might have been an ancient

European, as I am now a modern European. A great deal of imaginative work might be done for the Etrurian civilisation, as Flaubert did it for the Carthaginian civilisation. I need hardly add that I do not believe in these Pythagorean notions at all; but, apart from believing in them, I am bored with them. I think I could justify the boredom, if boredom can ever be justified. My mortal life on this planet, thousands of years ago, would only be mystical as my ordinary life now is mystical; and that is quite mystical enough for me. But the memory would be in no sense a vision; it would only be like remembering any day that I happen to have forgotten. The day would be but another glimpse of

may make the strange discovery about these dead people that they were living people, and not merely our own dead selves on which we have risen on stepping-stones to our present dizzy height of wisdom and virtue. In short, it is to be hoped that all the sham mysticism that has vulgarised the view of Egypt will give place to the more human thing which we call history. And, indeed, the glimpse we have of that remarkable man who is currently referred to as the "heretic Pharaoh" is a genuine and serious and suggestive piece of history. He is not an empty mummy-case, to be filled with our old selves according to our own fancy, but a real historical figure of a recognisable historical type. There is something to be said against the type as well as for it. There is something in it of Marcus Aurelius; something also of Julian the Apostate; something, again, of Joseph of Austria, the brother of Marie Antoinette. Few and fragmentary as are the facts that can be collected about him, far away in such an infinite desert of forgotten antiquity, there are enough of them to converge and convince us of the sort of character involved. He was the sort of idealist who always seeks to simplify; and perhaps has too intellectual an impatience in simplifying. He appealed to that nobler notion of monotheism which really remained in the background of most polytheism, and set up as a substitute and a symbol of God the disc of the sun. It is said that he also tried to introduce a more naturalistic style in art; disregarding the hieratic rules of representation; seeking to make his own image a portrait rather than an idol. I believe it is also true that he was, as humane and high-minded men of his type generally are, an opponent of Imperialism. In looking up some facts for a book upon Palestine, I found he was quite severely criticised for not having taken sufficiently seriously the suzerainty which Egypt was supposed to exercise over the Palestinian tribes. The more jingo dons and historians flew into quite a wild fury with that withered mummy out of a forgotten world; simply because he was a Little Englander, or, rather, a Little Egyptian. All these things, taken together, are enough to make up a real historical character. It is a kind of man who is very much of a hero and sometimes a little of a prig. He often fails in his own fight with popular superstition, because he has not enough sympathy with popular sentiment. It is the paradox of his position that his ideals are impersonal but the interest of him is wholly personal. He will hear of nothing less than saving the whole world, and he saves only his own soul.



KING VICTOR'S FUTURE SON-IN-LAW: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO, ENGAGED TO PRINCESS YOLANDA.

Count Calvi di Bergolo is an Italian cavalry officer with a brilliant war record, a consummate horseman, and a champion skier and long-distance sledger. He belongs to a well-known Turin family, whose original title was conferred on Lazzaro Calvi by the King of Sardinia in 1816. His sister is the wife of Prince Aage of Denmark, who is a first cousin of King George. Count Calvi is said to have first met Princess Yolanda two years ago, when he was Inspector of the School of Equitation at Tor di Quinto, near Rome. When they are married, it is said, he will be created Duke of Montemagno. He will be the first man not of royal rank to marry a Princess of Savoy. He recently accompanied Princess Yolanda and Queen Elena to Antibes, where Queen Milena of Montenegro (Queen Elena's mother) was taken ill. Queen Milena is said to have strongly favoured the engagement.—[Photograph by Vaucher.]

ordinary daylight; or as ordinary or extraordinary as daylight is to-day. What makes a real religion mystical, in a much more tremendous sense, is that it claims (truly or falsely) to be hiding a beauty that is more beautiful than any that we know, or perhaps an evil that is more evil. This gives another sort of intensity to common things, suggesting something that is redder than red, or more white than white.

It is possible that the new interest in Egyptian history may save us from the dullness of this Egyptian romance. Perhaps when we know a little more about Egypt we shall not boast of knowing so many Egyptian princesses. We shall be less proud of our previous lives and our pre-natal love affairs. We

But these guesses of ours confirm another historical truth of high importance. Such a reformer failed in the old heathen world because of the broad fact about that world—that popular religion was one thing, and personal philosophy quite another. Religion was a social function, almost

in the sense that a dance or a dinner is a social function. What was individual was not really religion, but rather speculation. The speculator was separated from social religion; whether he lived alone, like Buddha, or died alone like Socrates. What Christianity did was to combine these two things in a third thing that had never before existed; a public worship that could be believed, and a private conviction that could be shared. It took the popular superstitions very sympathetically; but it grouped them round something that could also be taken seriously. It made a creed that was more than a cult and was also a culture. The more we realise the real history of all that almost prehistoric paganism, the more we shall see that this change was one of the few giant strides made by man.



# At Home and Abroad: Pictorial Records of Interesting Current Events.



AT THE TOMB: LORD CARNARVON; HIS DAUGHTER; MR. CARTER.



AT REST IN THEIR TRENCH SHELTERS, LIKE SITTING BIRDS: FRENCH GLIDERS DURING THE COMPETITIONS AT BISKRA IN THE SAHARA.



ELECTED MASTER OF THE WHADDON CHASE: LORD DALMENY. (IN CAP).



FRENCH CONTROL OF GERMAN FOOD-STUFFS: SACKS OF FLOUR FOR GERMAN CONSUMPTION PASSING THROUGH THE FRENCH CUSTOMS AT DOCK WAREHOUSES IN THE RUHR.

Lord Carnarvon and his daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, recently rejoined Mr. Howard Carter at Tutankhamen's tomb, to await the opening of the sealed chamber.—Motorless flying competitions have been held over the Sahara at Biskra, in Algeria.—At the adjourned annual meeting of the Whaddon Chase Hunt, at Winslow, on February 9, a proposal that Lord Dalmeny should be elected Master was carried on a show of hands. The proceedings began with



ENTRUSTED WITH THE ENFORCEMENT OF FRANCO-BELGIAN POLICY IN THE RUHR: (L. TO R., IN CENTRE) GENERAL DEGOUTTE, M. LE TROCQUER, AND GENERAL BORREMANS.

a vote of condolence to Colonel Selby-Lowndes (who still claims to have been elected Master at a previous meeting) on the death of his wife.—General Degoutte, the French Commander-in-Chief in the Ruhr, went to Paris on February 11 to see M. Poincaré. M. Le Trocquer, the French Minister of Public Works, on the same day returned to Paris from Brussels. General Borremans commands the Belgian forces in the Ruhr.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," L.N.A., AND G.P.U.]

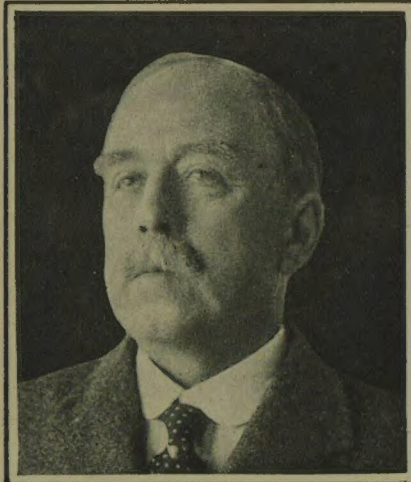
## Personalities of the Week: People Prominent in the Public Eye.



CREATED A BARON: SIR OWEN PHILIPPS, G.C.M.G.



NEW PARLIAMENTARY SEC. TO THE MINISTRY OF PENSIONS: CAPT. CHAS. C. CRAIG.



CREATED A VISCOUNT: SIR GEORGE YOUNGER, BT.



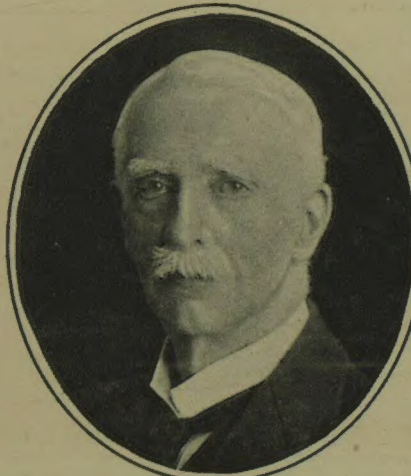
CREATED A BARON: THE RT. HON. H. PIKE PEASE.



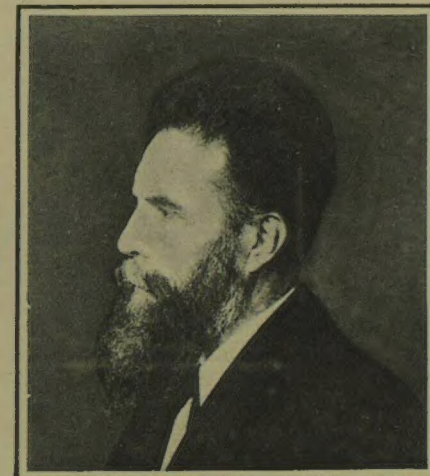
WIFE OF A MASTER OF THE WHADDON CHASE: THE LATE MRS. SELBY-LOWNDES.



"THE MAKER OF SWANSEA": THE LATE SIR GRIFFITH THOMAS.



A GREAT ENGLISH PHILOSOPHER: THE LATE MR. BERNARD BOSANQUET.



DISCOVERER OF THE X-RAYS: THE LATE PROFESSOR WILLIAM K. VON RÖNTGEN.

Sir Owen Philipps, M.P., is President of the London Chamber of Commerce, and Chairman of the Union Castle Line and the R.M.S.P. Co.—Capt. Craig is Member for Antrim and brother of the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.—Sir George Younger became chairman of the Unionist Party Organisation in January 1917.—Mr. Pike Pease was Assistant Postmaster-General, 1915-22.—During the war, Mrs. Selby-Lowndes was Master of the Whaddon Chase Hunt. Her death was

announced at the meeting at which Lord Dalmeny was elected Master.—Sir Griffith Thomas was a member of the Swansea Harbour Trust for twenty-seven years, and for twenty years its chairman.—Mr. Bosanquet was to have been acting President of the International Congress of Philosophy which would have been held in 1915 but for the war.—Wilhelm Konrad von Röntgen, who has died in Munich, made his X-ray discovery in 1896. He received the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1901.



# "PILLARS OF CLOUD BY DAY": BRITISH NAVAL SMOKE-SCREENS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY

SPORT AND GENERAL.



## SIGNS OF THE NAVY'S VIGILANCE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN DURING THE TURKISH CRISIS:

A smoke-screen looks very picturesque at a distance, or in a photograph such as above, but at close quarters it is doubtless less attractive. A nearer view of a smoke-screen put up by a British destroyer in the Sea of Marmora appeared in our issue of October 26 last. It lay across the sea like a black forest of impenetrable cloud. Unlike the "pillar of cloud by day" in Exodus, a smoke-screen, it need hardly be explained, is not intended as a guide, but as an obstacle to the enemy, to obscure his visibility and conceal the movements of opposing ships. At the present time, smoke-screens in the Mediterranean are a visible sign of the Navy's vigilance and activity in view of the political situation in the Near East and the recalcitrance of the Turk. It was reported on February 11,

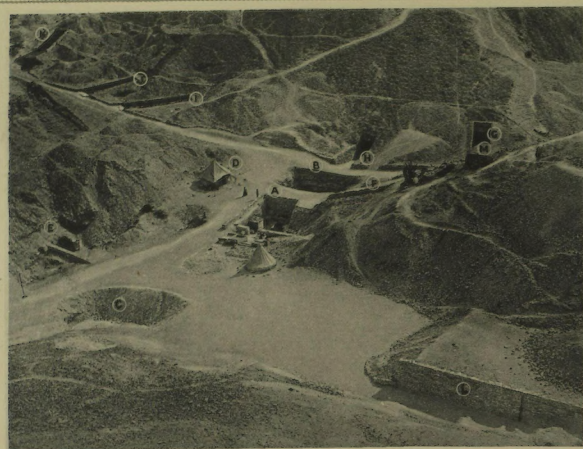
## BRITISH DESTROYERS PUTTING UP SMOKE-SCREENS DURING RECENT FLEET EXERCISES.

for instance, that eleven British war-ships were anchored off Smyrna, along with four French, four American, and three Italian ships. Their guns were turned towards the city and their searchlights played on it at night. The British flag-ship there is the "Curacao," flying the flag of Admiral Nicholson, who was ordered to Smyrna after a meeting of Allied Admirals at Constantinople on February 6, held to consider a note from Angora that foreign war-ships above 1000 tons would not be allowed beyond a certain line in Smyrna harbour. The British fleet entered the Gulf of Smyrna preceded by eight mine-sweepers and ten seaplanes. On February 11 it was also stated that the cruise of the Atlantic Fleet would now be made to ports to the east of Gibraltar, instead of to the west.



# PRESERVING AND REMOVING: THE DELICATE TASK OF TAKING TUTANKHAMEN'S FURNITURE FROM HIS TOMB.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 3, 5, AND 6 THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT, BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE EARL OF CARNARVON.



1. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE, SHOWING (A) TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB; (B) AND (C) PREVIOUS EXCAVATIONS MADE BY LORD CARNARVON, SHOWING HOW NEAR HE WAS TO THE BIG DISCOVERY; (D) GUARD-TENT OF SOLDIERS; (E) OLD TOMB USED AS DARK ROOM; (F) TOMB OF RAMESSES VI.; (G) TOMB OF RAMESSES III.; (H) TOMB USED FOR REST AND LUNCH BY VISITORS; (I) TOMB OF RAMESSES I.; (J) TOMB OF SETI I.; (K) TOMB USED FOR ELECTRIC POWER SUPPLY; (L) ENTRANCE TO TOMB OF MERENPTAH; (M) WATCHMAN'S HUT.



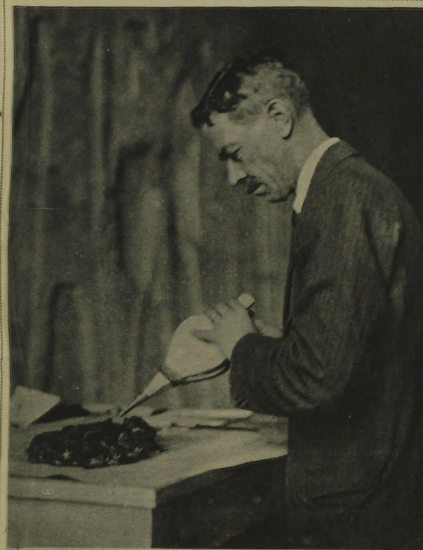
4. BORNE BY MR. HOWARD CARTER (NEAREST THE CAMERA) AND MR. A. R. CALLENDER: THE BODY OF A GILT CHARIOT, WITH OPEN-WORK FRIEZE OF ASIATIC CAPTIVES.



2. SHOWING (ON LEFT TABLE) FRAGMENTS OF ROYAL ROBES, AND TUTANKHAMEN'S THRONE BEING PREPARED FOR REMOVAL. THE LABORATORY IN THE TOMB OF SETI II—THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR.



5. MOISTENING WITH A BRUSH A SMALL 3000-YEAR-OLD OBJECT, FOR PRESERVATION: MR. LUCAS, DIRECTOR OF THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT.



6. TREATING DISINTEGRATED FRAGMENTS OF A ROYAL ROLL OF LINEN: MR. A. C. MACE, ASSOCIATE CURATOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



3. GIVING AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF ITS SHAPE AND DIMENSIONS: ONE OF THE ROYAL BEDS READY TO BE LIFTED INTO A PADDED BOX FOR REMOVAL FROM THE TOMB.



7. WITH IVORY TONGUE AND TEETH IN THE BOLDLY CARVED DOG'S HEAD: ONE SIDE OF THE TYPHONIC COUCH REMOVED BY MR. CARTER AND AN EGYPTIAN.

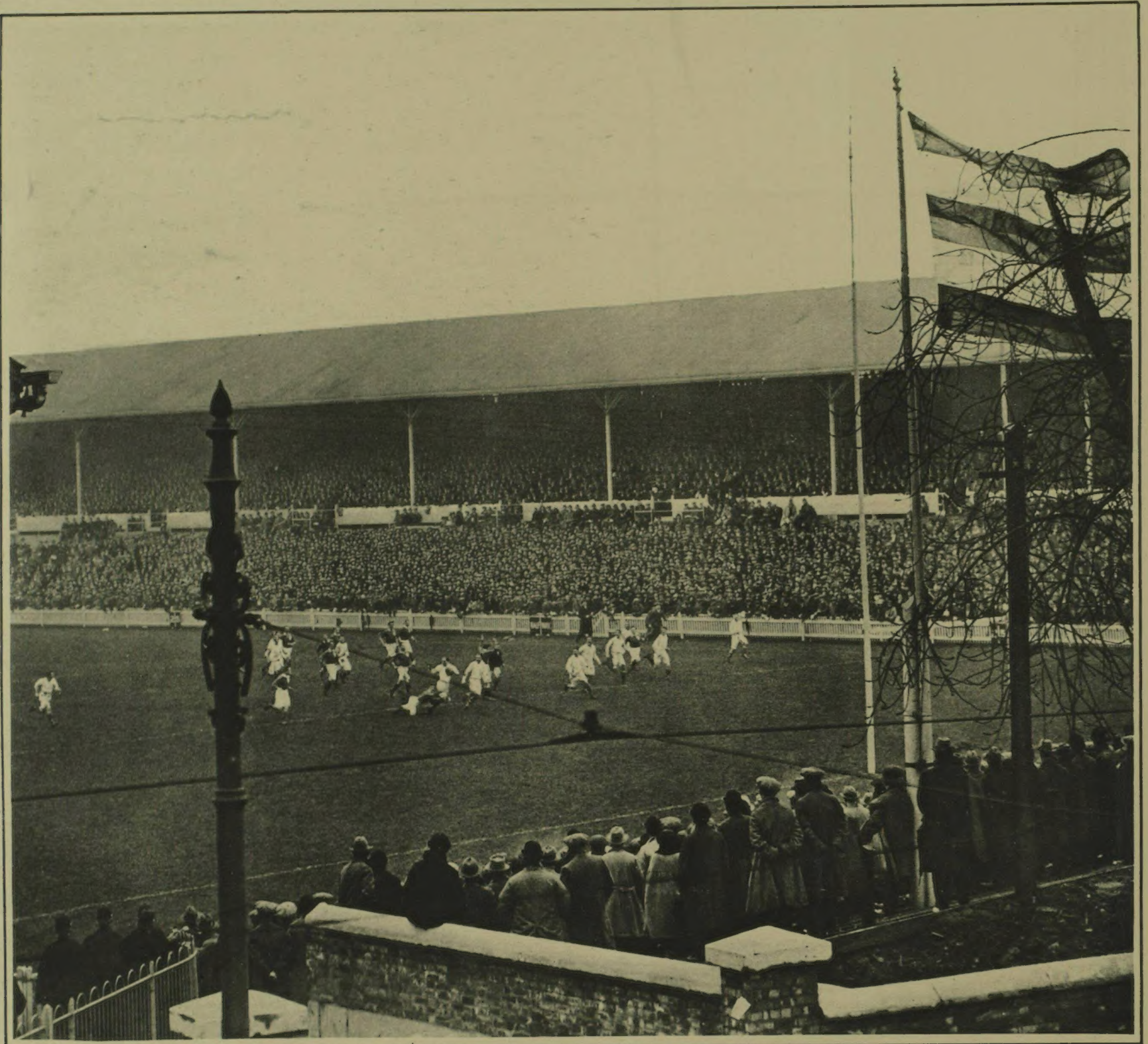
The work of furniture removal, as understood by archaeologists, is one requiring the utmost care and delicacy, aided by all the resources of science for the chemical preservation of fragile objects liable to crumble at a touch when exposed to the air after 3000 years. The magnitude of the task at Tutankhamen's tomb may be gathered from the fact that the ante-chamber alone contained 167 principal objects. By February 11 they had nearly all been removed, except a broken chariot and some harness, the lion ceremonial couch, and the two statues of the king. Our illustration No. 2 is the first photograph of the interior of the laboratory in the tomb of Seti II. (not visible in No. 1). It is a long passage with no light, except from the entrance. A second doorway into further recesses of the tomb can be dimly seen beyond the first. In the left foreground, on the edge of the table, are fragments of a royal robe of decayed linen

which the scientists are trying to reconstruct. Beyond it is the most remarkable object yet found, the royal throne, or chair of state. It is on its back (towards the camera), so that what is visible is the upper surface of the seat, inlaid in a pattern of parallel rows of gold, red, and blue on a gilt background. On the right are various tables with bottles, wadding, and implements used in processes of preservation. The chariot body seen in photograph No. 4 is of wood covered with embossed and decorated gold. Round the front rim, and projecting inwards as a ledge, is an openwork frieze cut into figures, presumably, of the king's Asiatic captives. The inner centre panel bears cartouches of Tutankhamen. The Typhonic couch, part of which is shown in photograph No. 7, is also all gilt, and stands 4½ to 5 feet high. Mr. Alfred Lucas and Mr. A. C. Mace are engaged on the preliminary treatment of the objects found.



# SHAMROCK YIELDS TO ROSE: ENGLAND'S RECORD SCORE v. IRELAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND C.N.



THE ENGLAND v. IRELAND INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GAME, AND SOME OF THE 25,000 SPECTATORS, ON THE WELFORD ROAD GROUND AT LEICESTER.



VICTORIOUS OVER IRELAND BY 23 POINTS TO 5: THE ENGLISH TEAM IN THE INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" MATCH.

England beat Ireland in the International "Rugger" match at Leicester, on Saturday, February 10, by 2 goals, 1 dropped goal, and 3 tries (23 points) to 1 goal (5 points). England's score was their record against Ireland. The photograph of the English team shows (from left to right): Seated: Messrs. W. E. G. Luddington, E. Myers, A. T. Voyce, C. N. Lowe, T. Vile (referee), W. J. A. Davies (captain), W. W. Wakefield, C. A. Kershaw, and F. Gilbert. Standing:



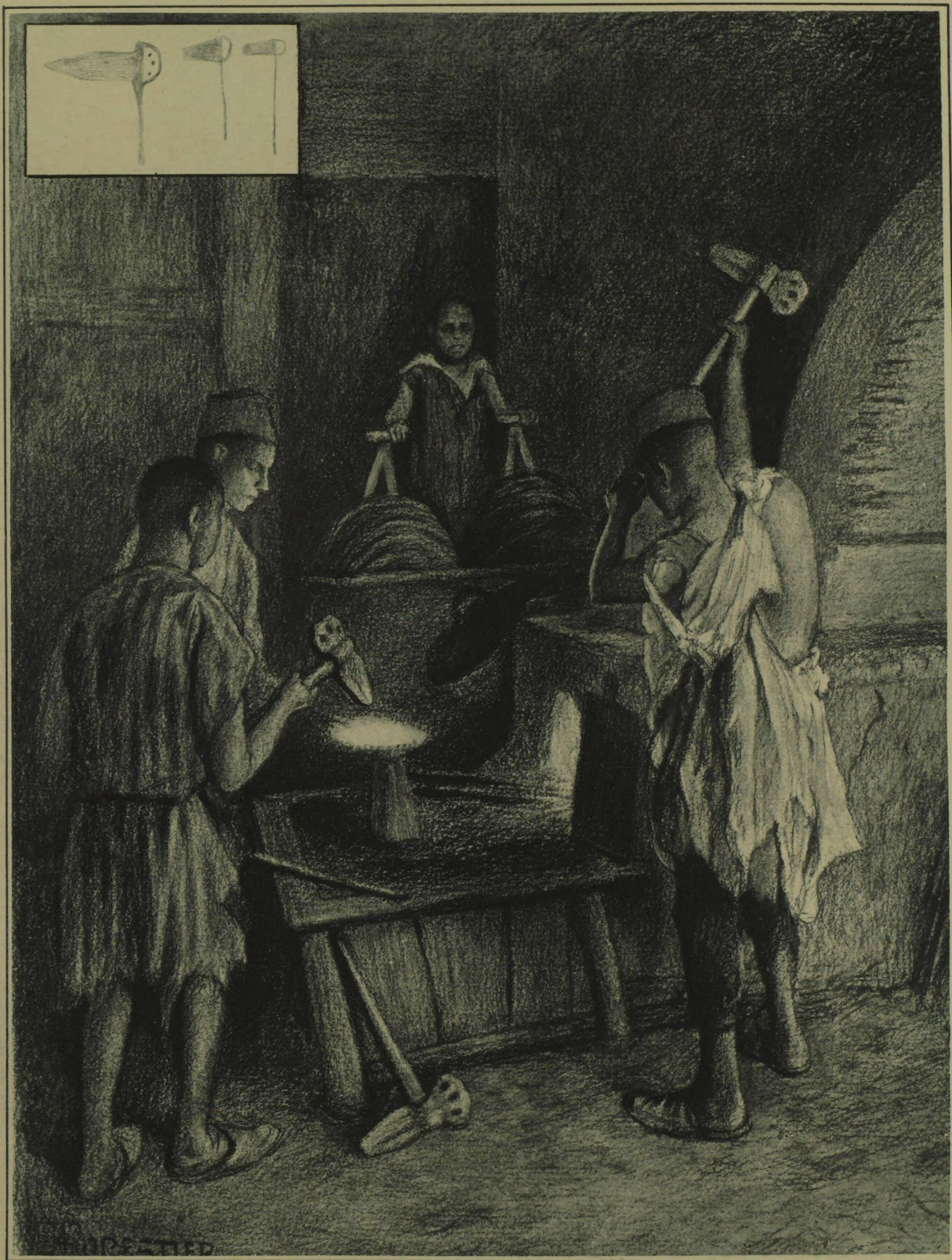
NOTED FOR THEIR YOUTH AND DASH, BUT BEATEN BY ENGLAND: THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" TEAM AT LEICESTER.

Messrs. E. R. Gardner, G. S. Conway, A. M. Smallwood, L. J. Corbett, H. L. Price, R. Cove-Smith, and F. W. Sanders. The Irish team (not in the order of the photograph) were: W. E. Crawford, R. O. McClenaghan, F. Jackson, G. V. Stephenson, D. Cussen, J. D. Gardiner, W. Hall, M. J. Bradley, R. Collopy, D. Cunningham, R. D. Gray, C. F. Hallaran, J. Mahoney, T. A. McClelland, and J. K. S. Thompson.



## BRONZE AGE SURVIVALS IN MOROCCO: HAMMERS OF PREHISTORIC TYPE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



WHERE THE LAPSE OF AGES HAS NOT IMPROVED ON PREHISTORIC DESIGN: A MOORISH SMITHY AT MARRAKESH WITH HAMMERS LIKE THOSE SEEN IN ROCK-CARVINGS OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE. (SHOWN IN INSET DRAWING.)

In spite of the enormous development of mechanical science, man is still using, in certain places, for elementary purposes of manual labour, tools and implements much the same as those devised by his prehistoric ancestors many thousands of years ago. An interesting example of such persistence of type through the ages is illustrated above. The large drawing shows the interior of a smithy—one of the most ancient forms of metal-working—at Marrakesh, in Morocco; while in the smaller inset drawing are seen three hammers as represented in some early Bronze

Age rock-carvings. Manifestly, the Moorish hammers still in use to-day are practically identical with them. The rock-carvings in question were found, at a height of 7000 to 8000 feet, near the Lagi delle Maraviglie (Lakes of the Marvels) in the heart of Monte Bego, near the Col di Tenda in the Maritime Alps. They are described by Sir Arthur Evans in a lecture on "The European Diffusion of Primitive Pictography," included in a volume entitled "Anthropology and the Classics." (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



# SANCTUARY FOR THE BIRDS OF LONDON: THE

DRAWINGS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



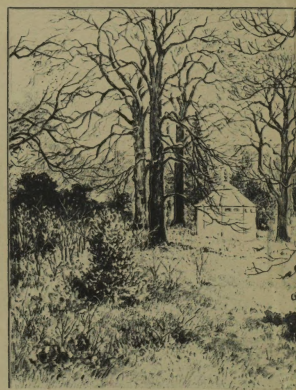
Greenwich Park.  
Showing the larger of the two  
Sanctuaries recently formed  
in the Wilderness area.



Kensington Gardens.  
Sanctuary recently formed on the east side of the Long Water.

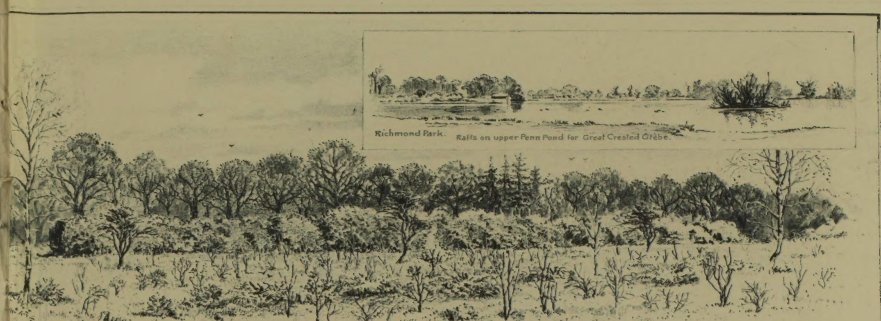


Hyde Park.  
Bank about one acre in extent surrounding the frame ground.



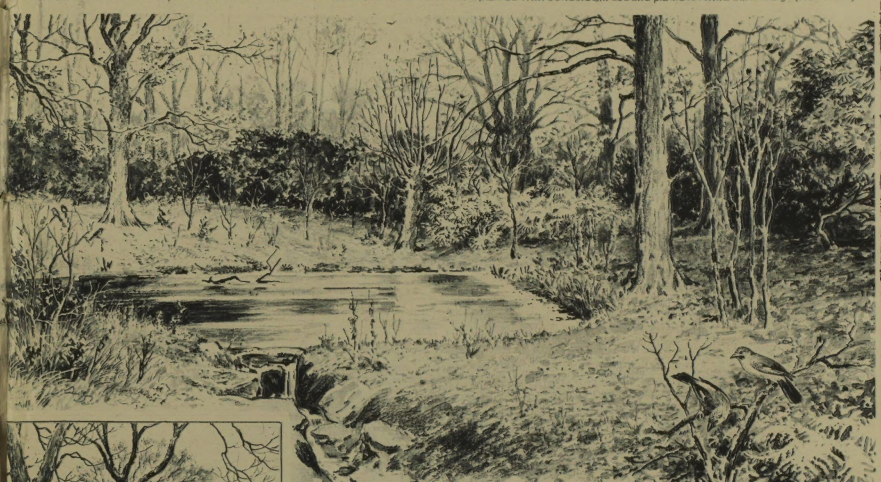
# ATTRACTION AND PROTECTION OF FEATHERED FRIENDS.

BY W. B. ROBINSON, BY PERMISSION OF H.M. OFFICE OF WORKS.

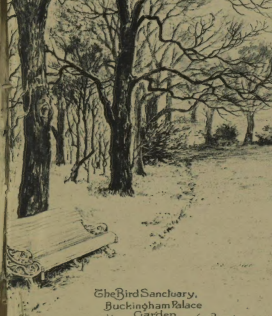


Richmond Park. Rafts on upper Penn Pond for Great Crested Grebe.

Richmond Park. Showing an area in the centre of the Isabella Plantation cleared and planted with suitable shrubs and plants to form a sanctuary. (Planted 1922)



Richmond Park.  
The Bird Pool in the Isabella Plantation.  
A large clearance of the rhododendrons near this pool has been effected.



The Bird Sanctuary,  
Buckingham Palace  
Garden.



Bird Sanctuary established in 1915,  
near King's Farm Lodge, Putney Vale.

## ENCOURAGING WILD BIRDS TO BECOME "PUBLIC PETS" OF THE LONDONER: BIRD

For the protection of London's feathered inhabitants, and the encouragement of others to make their homes here, bird sanctuaries have been established in the royal parks, and in the grounds of Buckingham Palace by permission of the King. The originator of this excellent idea was Mr. Harold Russell, and a letter written by him led to the appointment by the Earl of Crawford of a committee consisting of Sir Lionel Earle (Chairman), Earl Buxton, the Rt. Hon. E. G. Pretyman, M.P., Mr. Russell, Mr. J. Rudge Harding, and Mr. E. Batch (Secretary). Another well-known bird-lover (then prevented by ill-health from giving evidence) is Viscount Grey of Fallodon, who has a bird sanctuary on his own estate. By means of the sanctuaries, the return of several species of wild birds is confidently expected. The variety of the existing bird population of London, apart from migrants, is

## SANCTUARIES IN THE ROYAL PARKS AND THE GARDENS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

surprising. Last year no fewer than twenty different species nested in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, while the visitors that did not remain to breed numbered thirty-five. Richmond Park was naturally richer still in bird life, and in 1921-22 there were 49 species nesting there. Even London birds have enemies, and one of the most dangerous is the cat. The Committee's Report (obtainable at H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway-7d, post free) says: "Exhaustive tests were made some years ago by the Office of Works, but cats were able to climb all specimens of fences submitted. . . . Another serious danger to bird life arises from the presence of grey squirrels in large numbers in the Central Parks." The grey squirrel, which is supplanting our native red squirrel, hails from America, where he is a pest. Birds, as insect-eaters, are the friends of man.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)



# "THUNDER OF WATER" AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE NIAGARA FALLS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR HAMILTON MAXWELL, FROM AN AEROMARINE FLYING-BOAT. SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



WITH AN AEROPLANE (CENTRE BACKGROUND) FLYING OVER GOAT ISLAND; AN AIR VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FALL—SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE METAL BRIDGE CONNECTING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA (IN THE FOREGROUND).



NIAGARA "HAPT TO THE FALL": AN AIR VIEW OF THE UPPER STREAM—SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE HORSESHOE FALL, GOAT ISLAND, AND A MIST OF SPRAY RISING FROM THE AMERICAN FALL.



SHOWING (ON THE LEFT, FROM FRONT TO BACK) PROSPECT PARK, IN NEW YORK STATE; THE AMERICAN FALL; GOAT ISLAND, THE HORSESHOE FALL; AND THE CANADIAN SHORE: A GENERAL AIR VIEW OF NIAGARA.



RISKING A PLUNGE INTO NIAGARA'S RAGING CAULDRON: AN AIRMAN'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HORSESHOE FALL—SHOWING THE CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK AND THE WEIRS FOR WATER POWER (IN THE BACKGROUND).

Niagara, or "Thunder of Water"—which is the meaning of the picturesque Indian name—is pre-eminent among the world's great cataracts for the enormous volume of water carried over so high a precipice. The falls are estimated to discharge 100,000,000 tons of water per hour. They are situated on the lower Niagara River connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, and are divided by Goat Island into two parts—the American Fall, which is 167 ft. high and 1060 ft. wide, and the Canadian, or Horseshoe Fall, which is 158 ft. in height, and takes an inward curve of 3010 ft. The edge is continually receding on the Canadian side about 4 or 5 ft. a year, and on the American side about 6 inches. It is thought that formerly the falls were seven miles further

down stream, at Lewiston, beyond which the river enters Lake Ontario, after rushing through a gorge, and dropping a further 104 ft. on the way. The falls are largely used for providing mechanical power. Water is led through pipes into turbines, whence it passes through a 7000-ft. tunnel under the town of Niagara Falls, emerging with a production-capacity of 100,000 horse-power. Huge factories to utilise the power, which is transmitted by electricity, extend for miles around, and the town of Buffalo, 18 miles away, is also served. Previous photographs of Niagara, in the grip of ice and snow in winter, when the falls are even more picturesque, if less awe-inspiring, appeared in our issues of March 20, 1920, and March 8, 1913.



## THE GREEN TABLES OF THE RIVIERA: THE LURE OF ROULETTE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUCIEN JONAS.



"RIEN NE VA PLUS": TEMPTERS OF

FORTUNE IN THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO.

People go to the Riviera for various reasons, in winter especially in search of sunshine, exhilarating air, and outdoor games; but there are many who are lured thither by the green tables in the Casino at Monte Carlo. Our illustration shows a typical group of gamblers tempting fortune at roulette. It is interesting to compare it with a similar study by Mr. Steven Spurrer in our issue of February 11, 1922, and with a description of Monte Carlo in Sir Frederick Treves' book, "The Riviera of the Corniche Road": "The miscellaneous people who cluster round the tables," he

writes, "are said to provide an interesting study in faces. The study is limited. All are supposed to be 'playing'—playing, it may be assumed, as children play at games—but their countenances are so sad and so serious that a stranger to the 'games' of modern life might think that they were sitting round a post-mortem table. . . . An observer endowed with special gifts might detect evidences of greed, of anxiety, of despair, of forlorn hope, but to an ordinary looker-on there is . . . a general expression of uneasy boredom."—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]





# The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



## ELEONORA DUSE AND LONDON.—THE WONDERS OF THE EAST.

THERE is some chance that the great Duse will pay her long-expected visit to London; and Mr. Richard Percy Burton, who has become her *Chargé d'Affaires*, asks me to help, through the pages of the *I.L.N.*, towards the realisation of her plan: for, as is fairly well known, La Duse is no longer a wealthy woman. After some peace in retirement, she suffered reverses of fortune, and, well on in years, she went on tour through France and Italy to test her powers and her popularity. The result was a triumph. I came across her company last year at San Remo. She was then playing Hedda Gabler and Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts," and there was but one opinion: she is as great as she ever was. Duse is, with Sarah, the one outstanding real actress of the era. She still makes the deepest impression by, seemingly, doing so little. Her tranquillity, the softness of her diction, spreads a serenity, an augustness, which I would call cathedral-like. To her applies to perfection the phrase "creating atmosphere." She holds her hearer—nay, she enthalls him. A *Mater Dolorosa* to behold, her tears are truly woeful: she is the living Muse of Tragedy. So there is rapture in store for us when she comes; but—there is a "but," hence Mr. Burton's appeal—as the lira is low and the pound high, she cannot afford the big risk of a London visit unaided.

She must be on the safe side; wherefore, if we wish to greet her, it is necessary that a guarantee fund be created to ensure the meeting of the ends. It is a splendid opportunity for the Italian colony in London to honour itself by honouring Italy's greatest actress of the time; to repay by an act of gratitude the hospitality ever extended to Italy, her people, and her art in London. It is not a question of a vast sum; less money is required than usually is spent on the production of a single new play. With a couple of thousand pounds in the bank and an offer of a theatre on sharing terms, a Duse Season is assured.

Surely it is little to ask for a great purpose, and to achieve it would add to the pride of London, and make us feel that in the greatest city there is as much real interest in art as there is in the smaller capitals. For no sooner had the news spread that Duse had set out in "second blooming" than she was overwhelmed with offers from Paris, from Germany—even from the smaller countries such as Holland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian kingdoms. London alone, so far, has not made the *beau geste*; and not until Mr. Richard Burton took the matter in hand was there a prospect of Duse's coming. Will those readers who have enthusiasm

is not happy unless a week means £1000 to him. How many theatres are there at present in West London playing to that figure? The answer is in the negative—not many.

Well, until a couple of years ago, the Pavilion was a kind of ramshackle place, crying out for the paint-pot and the cleaner. To-day, thanks to the enterprise and insight of Mr. Rosenthal, it is one of



IN MR. JOHN DRINKWATER'S FORTHCOMING PLAY:  
MR. HENRY AINLEY AS OLIVER CROMWELL.

Mr. Henry Ainley, who plays the name-part in Mr. John Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell," has arranged to produce the play at Brighton on February 19, and later to bring it to London.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

the finest theatres in London. For 5s. 9d. your stall is as luxurious as those of the Haymarket; for 3s. 6d. they are second to none of the smaller theatres.

rushing all over the place, paying calls on friends behind the stage, jabbering, gesticulating, criticising, and—eating oranges, cracking nuts, munching sweetmeats and chocolates all the time. The bars—there were three of them, all stocked with liquors—did a roaring trade. Here was *Cosmopolis* from all parts of the world; here was well-to-do Jewry, whose fathers and forbears had lived and thrived in Whitechapel and purlieu, enjoying the Sabbath to their heart's content. After the play, the place looked like a battlefield—strewn with refuse of what had been oranges, nuts, and boxes of sweets. But no sooner had the audience left, when two vacuum machines made a clean sweep of the debris, and before the lights went low the house was spring-cleaned as by magic.

The play of the evening was Schiller's first tragedy, "The Robbers," a ponderous affair which he wrote in his 'teens, and which in our days would be classed as sententious melodrama painted with the panorama brush. In its time it had significance on account of its political undercurrent, and it made a great sensation followed by endless polemics. It is still analysed in German schools when the history of literature is taught, for it is considered a venerable relic and a forerunner of Schiller's later and greater works, "Wallenstein," "Maria Stuart," "Don Carlos," "Fiesco," one or two of which are still as puissant on the stage as they would be greatly effective on the film. But, from the point of view of the modern playgoer, it is more wearisome than interesting; terribly long, and verbose to the degree of benumbing one's brain. Yet the audience liked it. They love colour, sound, hot and strong drama; they love the rhetorical, the declamatory, the flamboyant. I am not sure that they grasped what it all meant, but their eye was kindled by costume and scenery, their ear by sonorous elocution; their imagination by the strife of the two brothers, the Abel and the Cain, for the possession of Amalia, the well-beloved. From time to time applause broke out like a hurricane, or the villain was greeted with execration. It was all frightfully thrilling and sometimes exceedingly funny.

The actors, like cabbies, knew their fare. They ladled it out *fortissimo, con fuoco*, and in grand display of gesticulation. It was an old school *in excelsis*, and it went home. As for the language, it was merely Yiddish in name and characteristic by the pronunciation of some words. Generally it sounded like German, and was quite understandable to those



"IF WINTER COMES" ON THE STAGE: THE CORONER'S COURT SCENE, WITH MISS BARBARA HOFFE AS LADY TYBAR, AND MR. OWEN NARES AS MARK SABRE, AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The dramatic version of "If Winter Comes" is the joint work of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of the novel, and Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings. In our photograph, Miss Barbara Hoffe, as Lady Tybar, is standing in the right background in front of the Coroner's bench, and Mr. Owen Nares, as Mark Sabre, is seated in the right foreground. On the extreme right is Mr. Tarver Penna, as Mr. Twynning, in the witness-box. In the left foreground are Miss Margaret Reeve and Miss Iris Vandeleur as the two servants, "High" Jinks and "Low" Jinks.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

and means communicate with Mr. Burton, 12, Clyde Street, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W. 10, and thereby lend more strength to his elbow? It would be a grand thing to acclaim Eleonora Duse in our midst.

There was an invitation on a recent Saturday from Councillor Rosenthal to visit the Pavilion Theatre in the Whitechapel Road, whence Moscovitch sprang into fame, and where at present, unknown to West London, a Yiddish company, under the direction of Mr. Kessler, daily packs the house. On Saturday the receipts amount to nearly £200, and the proprietor

There is foot and elbow room everywhere, and the boxes, for width and space, take a leaf out of the best in the West End. We were conducted all over the place—its storehouses full of scenery, its large, airy dressing-rooms, its paint-room, its out-houses for the "props"—it was simply wonderful.

The house was a bee-hive: there was electricity in the atmosphere, and an air of well-being gladdened the eye as it travelled over this crowd of well-dressed people, many accompanied by their young offspring, all of them well-behaved, quiet during the performance, enthusiastic and eager at the curtain's fall; then

familiar with the language; and the diction of some of the actors was so distinct and fine that our own actors might do worse than go and listen with advantage to themselves.

But West London knows nothing of these wonders down East; knows nothing of how art is loved and maintained in the people's quarters; knows nothing of those famous men and women whose names are household words in Jewry, and loads of stars that shine in the East and are undiscovered in the West. For London is not a city—it is a world as tempting to the explorer as the North Pole.



# THE KING'S FIRST GRANDCHILD: THE MOTHER; HER IDEAL NURSERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, TOM AITKEN, LTD., PHOTOPRESS, AND VANDYK.



DESIGNED BY PRINCESS MARY: A MODEL DAY NURSERY; SHOWING A PLAYING-PEN, WITH A TOY-CUPBOARD (ON THE LEFT) BARRED LIKE A "ZOO" CAGE.



PRINCESS MARY'S IDEA OF A NIGHT NURSERY: A MODEL ROOM ARRANGED FROM HER DESIGN—SIMPLE, HYGIENIC, AND INEXPENSIVE.



A TRIBUTE TO THE BABY AND HIS ROYAL MOTHER: A BOUQUET ARRIVING AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.



A "COT" OF FLOWERS: ONE OF NUMEROUS GIFTS BROUGHT TO CHESTERFIELD HOUSE FOR PRINCESS MARY.



PUBLIC INTEREST IN PRINCESS MARY'S CHILD: SPECTATORS AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF A ROYAL CARRIAGE CONTAINING CALLERS.

Late on the night of February 7 it was announced from Buckingham Palace: "The King and Queen visited the Princess Mary (Viscountess Lascelles) and the Viscount Lascelles at Chesterfield House. Their Majesties are gratified to announce that the Princess Mary gave birth to a son this evening." News of the happy event was soon spread abroad and was received with general rejoicings. Among the earliest sections of the public to hear it were the guests at the Chelsea Arts Ball, at the



MOTHER OF A SON WHO IS THE FIRST GRANDCHILD OF THE KING AND QUEEN: PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES—A NEW PORTRAIT.

Royal Albert Hall, where it was given out by megaphone, as illustrated on another page in this number. Three years ago, it may be recalled, Princess Mary designed a delightful nursery suite for the Ideal Home Exhibition. Her design was notable for its simplicity, artistic taste, and hygienic arrangements. A feature of the day nursery was a toy cupboard, with bars like a cage, for Teddy Bears and other animals; and the walls were stencilled with pictures illustrating nursery rhymes.



# ESPECIALLY DICKENS: TITLE-PAGE CELEBRITIES IN "VICTORIAN" AMERICA.

"MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS." A Chronicle by M. A. de WOLFE HOWE.\*

IN that period of "wide unhaste" which was the heyday of the American "Victorians," James T. Fields, publisher, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and lecturer, charmingly aided and abetted by Annie, his wife, kept open house in Charles Street, Boston, "addicted," as Henry James put it, "to the cultivation of talk and wit and to the ingenious multiplication of such ties as could link the upper half of the title-page to the lower."

In 1863, Mrs. Fields wrote on the first of a set of slender blue books: "No. 1. Journal of Literary Events and Glimpses of Interesting People." For



"THE TWO CHARLES'S": DICKENS AND HIS FRIEND FECHTER, THE ACTOR—WHO SENT HIM A SWISS CHALET, IN FIFTY-EIGHT BOXES!

From the Drawing made by Alfred Bryan, in 1879. Reproduced from "Memories of a Hostess," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

some fourteen years she recorded regularly, then intermittently; and she stored in a cabinet set in a dark corner not only her diaries, but odds and ends of manuscript and print, various and curious; raw material now very skilfully fashioned by Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, whose book might well be called "Glimpses of the Great"; for famous names glitter on all its pages.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, best of American fiction-writers of his day and generation, then almost at the end of his allotted span, gives his opinion that England is not a powerful Empire: "She is much like a squash vine which runs over a whole garden, but once cut at the root and it is gone at once." And there is "The original of a precious and extraordinary letter written by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne while her husband lay dead."

Then: the constant visitor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whom there are many intimacies. His opinion of Dickens may be quoted: "Dr. Holmes said he thought him a greater genius than Thackeray and was never satisfied with admiring his wondrous powers of observation and fertility of reproduction; his queer knack at making scenes, too, was noticeable, but especially the power of beginning from the smallest externals and describing a man to the life though he might get no farther than the shirt-button, for he always failed in profound analysis." In more Harvardian mood he contributes a curious fact "that chemists had in vain analysed the poison of rattlesnakes and could not discover the elements of destruction it undoubtedly possesses. Also that, when Indians poison their arrows with it, they hang up the liver of a white wolf and make one snake after another bite it until the liver is entirely impregnated; they then leave it to dry until disintegrated, when they moisten and apply round the necks of the arrows—not on the point."

\* "Memories of a Hostess: A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships." Drawn chiefly from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net.)

Longfellow is seen as the poet, taking "great merriment and delight" with Holmes and Lowell; as appreciator of Joaquin Miller, although he does not like his habit of flinging a quid of tobacco out of his mouth under the table; and as being out of sympathy with Dickens to such a degree that he is able to believe that "Dickens saved himself for his books, there was nothing to be learned in private—he never talked!!"

Henry James quotes Carlyle on a visit paid to him by Alcott, the American philosopher: "Carlyle told Mr. James he found him a terrible old bore. It was almost impossible to get rid of him, and impossible also to keep him, for he would not eat what was set before him. Carlyle had potatoes for breakfast and sent for strawberries for Mr. Alcott, who, when they arrived, took them with the potatoes upon the same plate, where the two juices ran together and fraternised. This shocked Carlyle, who would eat nothing himself, but stormed up and down the room instead."

James Russell Lowell, "a man deeply pervaded with fine discontents," and wearing "a chivalric, tender manner to his wife," is shown considering that there are but two perfect creations of individual character in all literature—Falstaff and Don Quixote; and writing bitterly: "Do you see that — is to commence his autobiography in *Pulnam's Magazine*? At least, I take it for granted from the title—The Ass in Life and Literature? If sincerely done, it will be interesting."

So to Mark Twain, recommended by James Parton as a writer to be engaged; telling of his childhood hunger for books; and of how he gave up beer and tobacco for a year, only to find that he could not sleep without the one or work without the other.

And on to many another; to Bret Harte, author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," editor of the *Overland*, and Government servant, "a very sensitive and nervous man," struggling against himself all the time; to the beautiful Christine Nilsson, "fine and strong and sweet"; Fanny Kemble; Ristori; "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson; Edwin Booth and his brother, John Wilkes Booth, who murdered Lincoln; Fechter, the great actor who was a warm friend of Dickens, and embarrassed him on one occasion by sending to him fifty-eight boxes containing "a Swiss chalet complete, handles, blinds, not a bit wanting"; and—Dickens himself.

James T. Fields met the novelist in 1842, when he was on his first visit to America; then in England in 1859-60, when a plan for readings in America was discussed. Thus intimacy grew, and, needless to say, the Fields rejoiced vastly when Dickens crossed the Atlantic again, in 1867.

Dickens himself had, of course, much to say to his friends, many a story and experience to tell, and not the least unexpected of the statements recorded by Mrs. Fields is: "He told me that no ballet dancer could have pretty feet, and one dreadful thing was they could never wash them, as water renders the feet tender, and they must become horny." What an outcry there would have been if that had been said to-day!

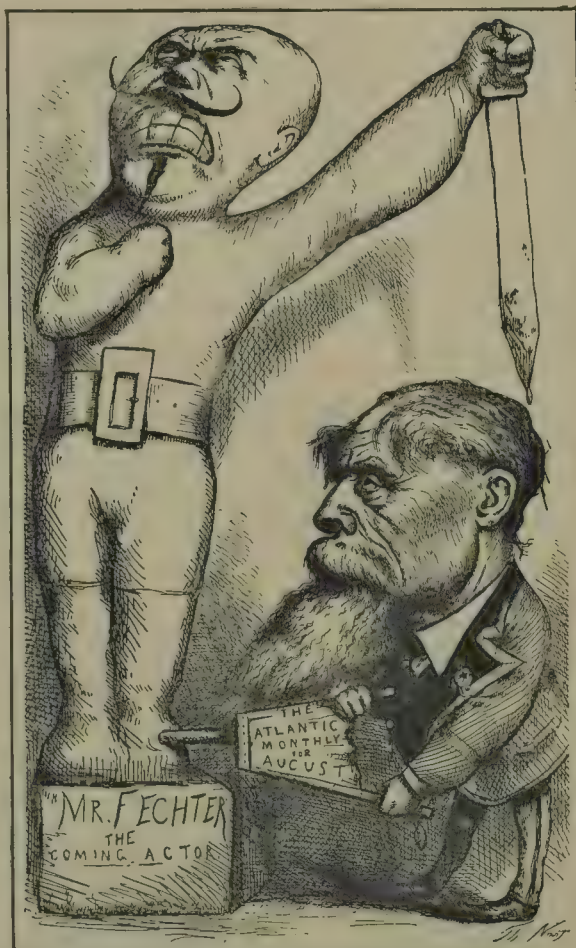
His recollections of his work as a reporter are of especial interest. He was not yet twenty, and was on the *Morning Chronicle* at seven guineas a week. Wherever the big men of politics spoke, a corps of reporters had to follow them. Often and often Dickens "has gone by post-chaise to Edinburgh, heard a speech or a part of it (having instructions, whatever happened, to leave the place again at a certain hour, the next reporter taking up his work where he must leave it), and has driven all the way back to London, a bag of sovereigns on one side of his body and a bag of slips of paper on the other, writing, writing desperately all the way by the light of a small lamp. At each station a man on horseback would stand ready to seize the sheets already prepared, and ride with them to London. Often and often this work would make him deadly sick, and he would have to plunge his head out of window to relieve himself; still, the writing went steadily forward on very little slips of paper which he held before him, just resting his body on the edge of the seat and his paper on the front of the window underneath the lamp. As the station was reached, a sudden plunge into the pocket of sovereigns would pay the postboys, another behind him would render up the completed pages, and a third into the pocket on the other side would give

him the fresh paper to carry forward the inexorable, unremitting work."

The novelist's labours as Reader in America were scarcely less strenuous, if under better conditions. Dickens was never one to let his public down. Always he must give of his best: even when he was calling himself "The Gad's Hill Gasper," and giving "surprising performances (without the least variation) on that true national instrument, the American catarrh."

When his reading season had set in, "unlike Mr. Thackeray, who at times both ate and drank inordinately," he smoked, ate, and drank sparingly—he must conserve his powers and energies: a simple bacon and egg breakfast, a glass of wine and a biscuit at one, dinner at four. "After dinner, reading days, he will take a cup of strong coffee, a tiny glass of brandy, and a cigar, and likes to lie down for a short time to get his voice in order. His man then takes a port-manteau of clothes to the reading hall, where he dresses for the evening. Upon our return we always have supper, and he brews a marvellous punch, which usually makes us all sleep like tops after the excitement." If he had to give a reading at eight, he was in the hall by half-past six, ready to dress, and to see that desk, screen, lamps, and copper gas-tubes were in order.

Health was against him, as it had been before; but he did not falter. His spirit was that of his "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist" period. "Dickens . . . told Jamie the other day in walking that he wrote 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'Oliver Twist' at the same time for rival magazines from month to month. Once he was taken ill, with both magazines waiting for unwritten sheets. He immediately took a steamer for Boulogne, took a room in



AFTER DICKENS HAD WRITTEN ABOUT FECHTER, FOR THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY": A NAST CARTOON OF THE NOVELIST "PUFFING UP" THE ACTOR.

Reproduced from "Memories of a Hostess," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

an inn there, free from interruption, and was able to return just in season for the monthly issues with his work completed. He sees now how the work of both would have been better done had he worked only upon one at a time."

So much by way of sipping from "a long, delicious draught of talk" which is to be drained to the dregs, and can yield only the pleasantest of tastes. Mr. De Wolfe Howe is to be congratulated on the brewing of so intriguing a cup. E. H. G.



# THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TYPE OF BEAUTY: A PHARAOH'S LOVELY QUEEN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



TUTANKHAMEN'S  
CHARMING  
MOTHER-IN-LAW:  
A BUST OF QUEEN  
NEFERTITI,  
WIFE OF THE  
HERETIC PHARAOH,  
AKHENATON,  
WEARING A CROWN  
SAID TO RESEMBLE  
THAT OF THE SO-  
CALLED "MANNIKIN"  
FOUND IN  
TUTANKHAMEN'S  
TOMB.

This very striking bust of a Pharaoh's young and lovely queen, who lived some 3300 years ago, is of remarkable interest as showing a pure type of Egyptian beauty represented in the contemporary art of Egypt, then at its supreme height. This wonderful face, with its dignity and repose, its well-cut features and refined expression, has a haunting attraction surpassing the portraits of Cleopatra, Egypt's famous beauty of a later age, and more nearly akin to the enigmatic smile of Monna Lisa. Queen Nefertiti was the wife of the Heretic Pharaoh, Akhenaton (previously named Amenophis IV.), and daughter of Ay, an Egyptian noble who,

on page 252, is seen receiving gloves from Akhenaton. Tutankhamen himself married a daughter of Akhenaton and Nefertiti. The bust here illustrated is now in the Berlin Museum, and these photographs, it is believed, are the first that have been available. Mr. Arthur Weigall, the well-known archæologist, has pointed out the resemblance of Nefertiti's crown to that on the so-called "mannikin" of Tutankhamen found in his tomb, which he declares is really a bust of Tutankhamen's wife. On the other hand, the excavators describe it as a "dummy" for trying on garments, and at the same time a portrait of the king.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

IT is the day of the short story. The "all-fiction" magazine shouts its popularity from the book-stalls, and publishers are far more willing than they were a few years ago to risk capital on a volume of tales and sketches, connected or disconnected. Interest in this, the most difficult form of fiction, is reaching beyond mere purveyance to the reading public, and criticism is becoming articulate once more. When "Georgian Stories" appeared a few months ago, the anonymous editor of that excellent collection said that the short story is not what it was in point of literary quality, and he attributed the alleged falling-off to lack of criticism. In the early 'nineties, the short story was judged as a definite literary perform-

there distinguished work reappears, although even Mr. Beresford's "The Looking-Glass" and Mr. De La Mare's "Seaton's Aunt," for all their excellence, are not in the first flight of their authors' performance. Despite handicaps, however, Messrs. O'Brien and Cournos have chosen a good all-round representative bunch of tales, fantastic, realistic, and occasionally thrilling, equally rewarding to the ten minutes' dip or the hour's reading. The infrequency of humour may mean that it was absent from the material considered. One hears constantly that magazine editors are hungry for good humorous short stories and cannot get them.

At the conclusion of his survey of a year's magazines, Mr. Cournos is surprised to find himself asking the simple question, "What is a short story?" His introductory essay provides no very definite answer. He distinguishes between two schools—the one which holds that form is everything, and the other which says, "All that I ask of a writer is that his stuff shall be big." Both these he finds unsatisfying in their extremes, and he sees no reason why a story should not contain both form and matter—a form, that is, suited to the matter. The point, one imagines, will be very readily and heartily conceded by all who have any true appreciation of what the short story should be. It will come upon them as so little of a revelation that they will wonder why Mr. Cournos did not assume it as obvious. For it is the very fundamental principle of perfect short-story writing. See how it is observed in "Wandering Willie's Tale," "Tod Lapraik," and "The Brushwood Boy."

Mr. Cournos may be wise to attempt no formal definition of the short story. Neither he nor his colleague is interested in formulæ, but one of them goes so far as to hint that the short story might yet achieve a sense of universality in depicting the many-sided adventure of modern life. No writer has yet done this, but from the editor's pious hope one gathers that here may be the last word on this form of fiction. One doubts, however, whether universality is the province of the short story, or possible to achieve within its limits. If there is a formula for this microcosm of fiction, it is surely that the tale shall embody a single incident. And for once the formula is not deadly, but vital to the whole conception. In the greatest of all short stories the magnificent worldly and other-

worldly thing comes down simply to this—Steenie Steenson's bitter need to find a lost receipt.

In point of subject, perhaps, it may be urged that Scott's matchless story is certainly universal, for the tragedy of a lost receipt is one that comes home to every man in all ages. And when the debtor goes to hell to recover the document, the commercial transaction rises to the sublime. But I am not sure that this is exactly the synthesis of life Mr. Cournos would like to find in the short story. He limits it to the modern, which seems perilous to universality. He speaks of our age of specialisation, as "trying to visualise a fragment of existence"; and the phrase might very well be adapted to define the short story, which, in its last perfection, must be a fragment of existence visualised in the atmosphere of literary art.

The sense of form, it appears, was relatively small in the hundreds of stories read by Mr. Cournos and Mr. O'Brien for their collection. "Romance with a capital R" describes a more numerous class—that of "impossible adventure and fantastic unreality." Among tendencies now in the ascendant, the supernatural element is prominent. Stories of ghosts, spiritualism, and reincarnation are increasingly popular with authors, and presumably with the public. "It may," says Mr. Cournos, "be both a reaction and an escape, and may express a desire for a more spiritual life than is vouchsafed us."

In stories not formally "ghost," a most delicate

spirituality—spirit just on the edge, as it were, of disunion with the flesh—is the distinctive note of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's "NINE OF HEARTS" (Constable; 6s.), a book that all lovers of the artistic short story will want to read, and, having read, to keep on their shelves. Here is matter and manner perfectly adapted and fused. The nine stories are of women and the subtler emotions of the woman's heart. It is just possible that men may never see all the truth that underlies these penetrating studies, but they can see enough to know how deeply the author has realised her characters and situations. For all their elusive quality, the stories are always credible, if somewhat unusual, happenings of this present world, and that is a great part of their charm. In "Light," the analysis of Athene's desire that the mother she adored should go away for ever, is uncanny in its insight and dreadful truth. So, too, is the mother's understanding of the child's impulse. To the Freudian complex Miss Mayne now adapts her art that first delighted us in the halcyon 'Nineties.

As a teller of short stories, Mr. Gilbert Frankau takes one to a different world, although it is still chiefly the world of the well-bred, in "MEN, MAIDS AND MUSTARD-POT" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Here the flesh (both human and horse) has the best of it, while the world, and occasionally the third party in the hackneyed trio, have a good look in. The characters are not specialists in emotions—they have emotions, but neither they nor their creator go out of the way to analyse them—and the tales are essentially tales of action. The story that remains with me most pleasantly is "Patricia Jackson's Pearl Necklace," where we renew acquaintance with Mr. Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant, and see a few more of the engaging tricks of his trade. As for the hunting stories, "the pace," as one of Surtees' sporting worthies used to say, "is too good to enquire." The six "Mustard-Pot's Tales" are told by that horse himself, in the spirit of the View Holloa. We are seldom allowed to "plowter up an' down a bit"; all is in the harkaway



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE OLDEST GLOVE IN THE WORLD. FOUND IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: THE EARLIEST-KNOWN PICTURE OF GLOVES (SHOWN AT THE TOP OF THE GIFTS ON THE LEFT, AND INSET ABOVE) FROM THE TOMB OF AY.

This section of wall-decoration from the tomb of Ay, Tutankhamen's successor, at Tell el-Amarna, shows Ay receiving gifts (including gloves) from Akhenaton, the Heretic Pharaoh, predecessor of Tutankhamen, who married Akhenaton's daughter. At the time recorded in the picture, Ay was fan-bearer and scribe to Akhenaton, and overseer of the king's horses. Perhaps the gloves were for driving. Evidently they were a great rarity, and Ay was intensely proud of them. This is believed to be not only the earliest pictorial representation of gloves, but the only one in ancient Egyptian art. It is of especial interest now, since a small glove (probably a child's) was found in the painted box of royal robes in Tutankhamen's tomb, and has been described by Lord Carnarvon as "the oldest glove of which there is any record."

ance. Even on its first publication in a magazine it aroused discussion. Nowadays the short story seldom attracts the critic's attention until it has appeared in book form.

With the growing popularity and increased output of short stories the critics have got busy again. They may not rush into the reviews to air their enthusiasms, but they are on the watch for the good thing. They do not stop short at appreciation, but add to their critical function a labour of selection and collection, the issue of which is the anthology of short stories, a volume that must be as difficult to compile as a collection of verse.

It means, if nothing else, toil and trouble on a huge scale, and only a bold man would attempt the task. Two such bold men are Mr. Edward O'Brien and Mr. John Cournos, who, greatly daring, have set out to select from the overwhelming mass of a twelve-month's fiction "THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1922" (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d.). They have read the year's periodicals with extraordinary diligence and conscientiousness in order to choose the twenty-four best stories. One dare not think of the risks involved. The mountain of material examined may seem to have brought forth only a mouse in the handful of two dozen stories chosen; but the wonder is rather that as many as two dozen were found worthy of a place in the anthology. The editors do not, it is true, claim that the stories are great stories. The year, they say with justice, that produced one really great short story would be exceptional. The period of selection, July 1921 to June 1922, does not seem to have produced any jewel of the first water—or, if it did, there may have been obstacles to its inclusion. Here and



"INTENSELY PROUD OF THIS RARE POSSESSION": AY WEARING THE GLOVES GIVEN HIM BY AKHENATON (THE HERETIC PHARAOH, FATHER-IN-LAW OF TUTANKHAMEN), AND SHOWING THEM TO ADMIRING FRIENDS.

From "The Rock Tombs of El Amarna," Part VI., by N. de G. Davies. By Courtesy of the Egypt Exploration Society and Prof. Percy E. Newberry.

vein, and the reader's verdict must be that he has "had a rattlin' day."

If, after Mr. Frankau's robust episodes, you wish to return to something more cameo-like, you cannot do better than take up Princess Bibesco's second series of short stories, "BALLOONS" (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.). The new work is better in every way than its predecessor, and I should not be surprised if one day Princess Bibesco gives us a little masterpiece in the lighter vein. Meanwhile, "Haven" is excellent to go on with—a most finished and satisfying study of a woman's heart. The book has essential atmosphere, which a matter-of-fact manner denies to the capital material of Sir Harry Johnston's "LITTLE LIFE STORIES" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)



# SHOULD THE MUMMY OF TUTANKHAMEN BE LEFT IN HIS TOMB? A PRECEDENT.



NOT TRANSFERRED TO THE CAIRO MUSEUM: THE MUMMY OF AMENHOTEP II. STILL PRESERVED IN HIS TOMB WHERE TEN OTHERS WERE ALSO FOUND.

On a double-page in this number we illustrate the Hall of Royal Mummies in the Museum at Cairo, where rest nearly all the kings of ancient Egypt whose mummies have been found, and where it was suggested that the body of Tutankhamen also might be placed, if the sealed chamber proved to contain it. It has been urged by some, however, including the Bishop of Chelmsford, that such removal would be sacrilegious. The ethics of the question, as well as its practical difficulties, are well discussed by the late Sir Gaston Maspero in his "Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern

Scenes," in describing the discovery of 11 royal mummies in the tomb of Amenhotep II., who died about 1420 B.C. While the others were taken to Cairo, that of Amenhotep was left in the tomb, where it still lies in state in the sarcophagus beneath electric light for modern pilgrims to inspect. "Even now," writes Professor J. H. Breasted, in his "History of Egypt" (1906), "it is a prey to the clever tomb robbers of modern Thebes, who, in November 1911, forced the tomb and cut through the wrappings of the mummy in their search for royal treasure."



# THE "WESTMINSTER ABBEY" OF THE PHARAOHS: A ROYAL COMPANY TUTANKHAMEN MAY JOIN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE CAIRO MUSEUM.



WHERE IT WAS ARRANGED THAT THE BODY OF KING TUTANKHAMEN, IF DISCOVERED, SHOULD "LIE IN STATE" IN SECURITY AMONG HIS PEERS:  
THE HALL OF ROYAL MUMMIES IN THE MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES AT CAIRO.

The Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Cairo is the ultimate destination of the treasures found in the tomb of Tutankhamen, and its Hall of Royal Mummies, in which it was arranged that the body of the king himself, if discovered, should be placed for preservation, may be called the "Westminster Abbey" of the Pharaohs. In view of the depredations of tomb-robbers, who exist to-day as in ancient times, the museum is probably the safest place in Egypt, both for mummies and other valuable relics—a fact to be remembered by those who urge that Tutankhamen should be left where he is. On the other hand, Amenhotep II. was left in his tomb, where he still remains, as shown on another page. Nine other

royal mummies, hidden there for safety, were, however, brought to the Cairo Museum in 1901. Previously, in 1881, thieves who had robbed the royal tombs at Deir el Bahri were traced, and their "spoils" were also taken to Cairo. The Museum, on whose accommodation the new "finds" will put considerable strain, was founded by Auguste Mariette, the French Egyptologist, in 1857, and was much enlarged by his successors, especially the late Sir Gaston Maspero. The French Director of Antiquities to the Egyptian Government is M. Pierre Lacau, who has described the Tutankhamen "find" as "one of the greatest discoveries made not only in Egypt, but in all the domains of archaeology."



## THE ERA OF THE GREAT SINGLE FILM: "ROBIN HOOD"—

## A FULL-SIZED SCREEN PLAY, AS OPPOSED TO "VARIETY."



THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON (ROBIN HOOD) AND MAID MARIAN IN THE GARDEN OF ST. CATHERINE'S PRIORY.



THE OUTLAWS' HIDING-PLACE IN SHERWOOD FOREST: ROBIN HOOD (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS) STANDING ON THE HANDS OF TWO OF HIS "MERRY MEN" (RIGHT CENTRE)—A PICTURESQUE WOODLAND SCENE.



A REALISTIC TORTURE SCENE IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE: PRINCE JOHN (SEATED ON THE RIGHT) WATCHING THE THUMB-SCREW BEING APPLIED TO THE LADY MARIAN'S SERVING-WOMAN.



AFTER THE WEDDING: THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON WITH HIS BRIDE, LADY MARIAN FITZWALTER.



MEDIEVAL MAGNIFICENCE IN A WONDERFUL SETTING: RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION'S BANQUET HALL IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE—A SCENE FROM "DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN 'ROBIN HOOD,'" AT THE LONDON PAVILION.



THE UBIQUITOUS ROBIN HOOD ESCAPES BY THE STEPS IN THE HALL OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE: PART OF THE HUGE SET BUILT FOR THE FILM AT THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, U.S.A., WITH 252 TONS OF PLASTER, AND COVERING AN AREA OF TWO AND A HALF ACRES.

"Douglas Fairbanks in 'Robin Hood,' recently produced at the London Pavilion, by Mr. C. B. Cochran, has proved so popular that its run has been extended. It is one of the most magnificent historical film spectacles that have ever been devised, and gives a wonderful picture of a mediæval town and castle, as well as forest scenes of great beauty. The great success of the play will help to hasten the era of the single film as opposed to the mixed programme, thus developing the picture theatre as a parallel of the regular stage, rather than, as hitherto, of the music-hall, though, naturally, the film world will continue to have its houses devoted to variety. The mere statistics of the "Robin Hood" production, which was carried out at the Fairbanks-

Pickford studios in Hollywood, California, are sufficiently amazing. It is said to have cost £250,000; twenty-two experts spent five months on research work for designing the sets, and 400 workmen were employed for 12 weeks in building them. The huge "Nottingham Castle" set covered 2½ acres, and required 252 tons of plaster to construct its walls. The banqueting hall, as made for the film, is the largest room in the world. For the costumes and weapons there were used 20,000 yards of material, 1000 wigs, 500 swords, 2000 spears, 2000 shields, and 500 daggers. Douglas Fairbanks, as Robin Hood, excels himself with his athletic feats. The table manners of England's chivalrous King Richard, as shown in the film, have caused a good deal of discussion.



# UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

## VIII.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

THERE is, there was always a certain remoteness about Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His imagination played perpetually round the ends of the earth. His earliest works were imported in blue-grey paper covers from Allahabad. Even his name came from Staffordshire. He specialised in the outer edges of Mercator's Projection, in Lungtungpen and Mandalay and those miraculous regions east of Suez where Queen Victoria's writ ran a trifle uncertainly. He even went so far afield (it was an incredible achievement in the heyday of Mrs. Humphry Ward) as to have an American public. In a generation which regarded stories of Scottish life as travellers' tales from the far North he extended the public imagination to broad and distant horizons, and, taking whole degrees of latitude in his stride, he jerked a familiar thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the Equator, a Pole or so, and all the uncomfortable wonders of the world which lie outside the Temperate Zone. It became his mission to convince his fellow-subjects that the British Empire was an ideal and not merely an accident, and that the oddly dressed equestrians with dark faces who rode in the cavalcade of Queen Victoria's second Jubilee possessed a significance beyond that normally attributed to them by the proprietors of circuses. It was a high theme, which took him up and down the map, and even into agreement with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

But his remoteness in place was more than equalled by his remoteness, as one looks at him now, in point of time. The Dinosaur, one feels, can give points in modernity to Mr. Kipling. After all, it is on speaking terms with Mr. H. G. Wells. But the author of "Soldiers Three" seems to belong to an age of almost fabulous antiquity. His flag, his Queen, his soldiers are the vague figures of a mythology that is rapidly fading into folklore. His political message has a dim interest for research students. And patient excavation will, no doubt, confirm many of the statements that are to be found in his text. The old, flamboyant Anglo-Saxon challenge to the inferior peoples of the earth went under, long before Mr. Kipling had a grey hair, in the dreary watches of the South African War. It was seen in that dismal winter of 1899 that the dashing subaltern of his dreams was not even an infallible master of his own profession. It was feared that the British soldier was even capable of being on the wrong side. There was no place in Mr. Kipling's scheme for Louis Botha and Jan Smuts. The Imperial ideal wilted through the long years between the Peace of Vereeniging and the outbreak in 1914 of a life-size war. The White Man grew more interested in his own highly complicated affairs than in his Burden; and gradually British opinion came to regard a Labour leader as a more important person than a retired consul. It was, for Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and Lord Cromer as well as for Mr. Kipling, an embittering interlude. Then, as they say in novels when the author feels an acute need for a change of scene, the war came; and when it went it left behind it a dismal world groping for some cohesion among the broken pieces, snatching hungrily at any fragments of common organisation, but profoundly unfriendly to the old, self-seeking gesture which had painted the map red. Perhaps the map seemed quite red enough after the war. Three Empires had been hissed off the stage, and there was a sharp drop in Imperial quotations on the world market. The old ideals were looking a little guilty, even when they spoke perfect English; and there was an uneasy suspicion that the gleam which Mr. Kipling had followed was the silver gleam of an eagle perched on an old man's helmet among the trees at Doorn.

But, as one turns the page and passes into Mr. Kipling's kingdom, one is centuries away from the pale uncertainties, the dingy, poor-spirited doubts of the world we live in. The Queen is on her throne again at Windsor; her sentries pace up and down the world; and the secrets of the universe fall open at the command of a cocksure young man in spectacles with a large moustache, "a strangely clever youth," as a startled commentator observed him, "who has stolen the formidable mask of maturity and rushes about making people jump with the deep sounds, the sportive exaggerations of tone, that issue from its painted lips." There is something which must remind one of Gulliver among the largest and most majestic of his hosts in the spectacle of Mr. Henry James turning that solemn microscope on Mr. Kipling. Yet the criticism (it is in a forgotten preface of an obscure

sentence. It has been written more than thirty years, and in the interval his familiarity with India has taken in another continent or so; the flexible talent has been bent to verse, to prophecy, to ancient history, to the elusive pursuit of English landscape; and the prodigious facility, alas! has run dry. But the smoking-room manner, the love of the inside view, remained constant; and criticism, through the mouth of Mr. Henry James in 1891, has said its last word on Mr. Kipling.

Technically, of course, his achievement has been astounding. He handled the foils in the short story with unparalleled skill; and as a stylist he enlarged the limits of the English language with all the gusto of an Empire-builder planting the flag in undiscovered regions. But not all his conquests (one has noticed the same weakness among Empire-builders) were of equal value. His contribution to the poetic vocabulary seemed principally to consist in scraps of Hindustani, the simple litany of the blaspheming soldier, and the deeper tone of the Authorised Version (O.T.). By persons unfamiliar with the original Mr. Kipling is frequently admired for qualities which should be attributed with greater accuracy to the Jacobean translator of the Book of Psalms. But as a poet one feels that he found the English language marble and left it stucco. As building material it is at once cheaper to get and easier to handle; and his introduction of it on the market has brought poetic composition within the means of persons who should never have been able to afford a Rhyming Dictionary. His imitators are the gravest wrong which Mr. Kipling has inflicted upon his country's literature.

But his contribution to English prose is more serious. That instrument, since English falls naturally into poetry just as French falls into prose and German into ballads, is perhaps the most difficult to play upon in the whole range of language. Mr. Kipling played on his instrument with queer, *staccato* jerks and sudden discords. There were new notes in it which shocked the old concert-goers, and to some hearers the music seems sometimes to degenerate into mere noise. But his touch was astonishingly sure, and he played on the English language an air which had never been heard before. One may say that under his hand the instrument of prose lost some of its deeper notes, grew shriller, often trailed away into discord. But it rendered strange airs which could never have come over the old strings, and Mr. Kipling left it the richer and the better for his innovations.

It is easy enough to find his stale politics ridiculous, or to see, with Mr. Beerbohm, an ineluctable vulgarity in the perpetual knowingness of his unchanging wink. But Mr. Kipling, in his true perspective, is something more than a warning to young poets or a monument of late-Victorian Imperialism. He sharpened the English language to a knife-edge, and with it he has cut brilliant patterns on the surface of our prose literature. At least two of the best stories in the world are somewhere behind that short line of red book-backs; and scattered up and down inside the books are scores of vivid little etchings, fit for a place in any portfolio—blazing sunlight, some seascapes of the North Atlantic, frontier fighting, a dozen men, some women, and one doleful little boy. He has made his contribution to letters; and one day, when the new voices are less insistent and through a silence we can catch his strange, halting tones, it will be remembered.



AUTHOR OF "AT LEAST TWO OF THE BEST STORIES IN THE WORLD":  
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling was born at Bombay, in 1865, and his first book, "Departmental Ditties," appeared in 1886, followed the next year by "Plain Tales from the Hills." "Barrack-Room Ballads" came in 1892, the Jungle Books in 1894-5, "The Seven Seas" in 1896, "Stalky and Co." in 1899—to name but a few of his many volumes. His war-time writings are within recent memory, and in 1920 he published "Letters of Travel." It may be that his Imperialism, now considered out of date, had something to do with the response of the Dominions to the Motherland in the war. Fortunately, he has recovered satisfactorily from his recent operation.

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

American volume) contains the wisest enumeration of Mr. Kipling's qualities. "His extreme youth is indeed what I may call his window-bar—the support on which he somewhat rowdily leans while he looks down at the human scene with his pipe in his teeth; just as his other conditions (to mention only some of them) are his prodigious facility, which is only less remarkable than his stiff selection; his unabashed temperament, his flexible talent, his smoking-room manner, his familiar friendship with India—established so rapidly, and so completely under his control; his delight in battle, his 'cheek' about women—and indeed about men and about everything; his determination not to be duped, his 'imperial' fibre, his love of the inside view, the private soldier, and the primitive man." The whole of Mr. Kipling is to be found somewhere along the branches of that ramifying



## A SURPRISE AT THE "CHELSEA ARTS": ANNOUNCING A ROYAL BIRTH.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



THE BIRTH OF THE KING'S FIRST GRANDCHILD ANNOUNCED BY MEGAPHONE AT THE ALBERT HALL:  
AN UNREHEARSED INCIDENT OF THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL.

The guests at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, held at the Royal Albert Hall on the night of February 7, had the unexpected privilege of hearing early news of the birth of Princess Mary's son, which took place at 11.15. The happy event was announced by megaphone from the orchestra, and was acclaimed with hearty cheers.

The ball, which was attended by some 4000 people, was a great success. The scheme of decoration was Antarctic, and the orchestra was ensconced in a "crevasse." At intervals there were picturesque processions; including one representing Tutankhamen leading captive "El-lor-Kah-Nah-Vun." — [Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.]





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### HOW ANIMALS MEET THE WINTER.

*By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.*

**W**INTER in northern countries means cold and storms, reduced food, a short day, and greatly increased risks. How do animals meet these difficulties and limitations?

First, we may take the storing solution. Just as the housewife makes a store of preserved eggs and cured ham, so the squirrel stores nuts—often in more caches than he can remember. Hamsters store hay, and we read that the Mongolian herdsman actually brings his cow in autumn to eat the haystacks which are built up in the summer months by the quaint tail-less hares. The beavers store cut pieces of branches; and many of the vole tribe lay in supplies of vegetable food. In the case of the European mole, which can burrow beyond the reach of the frost's fingers, there are larders full of decapitated earthworms which

badger, and in many other cases, there is an accumulation of fat underneath the skin; and not a few animals, like the wood-chuck and the hedgehog, have an enigmatical "hibernating" gland which may also be a store. Whatever be true in the last case, there is no doubt that some mammals which are very plump in autumn are very lean in spring. The fat is slowly burned away during the hard winter months.

Another solution is thicker fur. Just as man puts on more clothes, so the Shetland pony, which has to meet a severe winter, puts on a shaggier, almost impenetrable coat. It is interesting to notice in many of the carnivores that there is an outer coat of longish, strong hair which serves to throw off the rain, and beneath that the fur proper, which is short and thick. The physiological meaning of the thickened

Some creatures meet the winter by tightening their belt and living more dangerously. The packs of wolves intensify the keenness of their hunting; the otter will venture underneath the ice; the deer seek out new haunts and try strange food. Winter is often the time of some novel experiment, for necessity is the mother of invention.

What a contrast between quickening the pace and sinking into lethargy. Frogs snuggle into holes in the banks; snakes lie, many a-bed sometimes, in the recesses of a stack; snails seal up their shells in the crannies of the old wall—all lie low in a lethargic state of suspended animation. Thousands of different kinds of insects remain quiescent through the winter, sometimes as eggs, sometimes as adults, sometimes as larvæ, but oftenest as pupæ or chrysalides.



#### WHEN WINTER COMES IN THE ANIMAL WORLD: "LAYING UP FOR THE MORROW," HIBERNATING HABITS, AND PROTECTIVE COLORATION.

As Professor Thomson points out in his remarkably interesting article on this page, winter affects the habits and conditions of different animals and birds in a great variety of ways. Many of them, such as the beaver, the mole, the squirrel, and the ant, themselves make special provision for the lean months of the year, by laying up a store of food which will last them until the return of spring. Some, like the wolf and the otter, for example, intensify their hunting activities; others, such as

the marmot and dormouse, bat and hedgehog, become, on the contrary, lethargic, and hibernate by relapsing into a long sleep. For others, again, nature provides means of warmth and protection which are not due to the creature's own initiative. Thus, the stoat assumes a white winter dress, in which he is known as the ermine, and a similar transformation befalls the variable hare and the ptarmigan

—[Drawn by W. B. Robinson to Illustrate Professor Thomson's Article.]

cannot crawl away—a last resource for the mole in very severe weather. Everyone knows that it is the storing habit that makes it possible for many kinds of ants to remain as permanent families—or, in the case of the enormous ant-hills of the pine forests, permanent communities—throughout the winter. There is often a nicety about this, as in the Baker ant of southern Europe, which collects pulse seeds, lets them sprout under ground to burst the coats, stops the sprouting by exposure to the sunshine, nibbles and chews them into paste, cuts the paste into minute discs, dries these biscuits in the sun, and puts them in the subterranean cupboard. Scores of other examples are easily found; but the point is made vivid when we contrast the humble-bees, which do not store, with the hive-bees which do. For of the humble-bee's large family only the young queens survive the winter, whereas in the hive a large fraction of the population lives on into the next year.

Not very far away from storing outside the body is storing inside the body. Thus in bear and in

coat is to conserve the precious animal heat which is produced inside the body, by the muscles especially; and the use of the animal heat is to keep the chemical processes of life going on quickly and smoothly.

In the variable hare, the Arctic fox, the snowy lemming, the ermine, and in other cases there is in winter an advantageous change to a white colour. For the most part the blanching is due to a new growth of hair, in which the place of the summer pigment is taken by a multitude of gas vanoles. The whiteness of a white hare is like that of foam; that is to say, the light is almost perfectly reflected from a multitude of mirror-like surfaces. Now, there is a two-fold advantage in turning white, for it gives the animal a garment of invisibility against a background of snow; and for a warm-blooded animal in cold surroundings a white dress is physiologically most economical. It conserves the precious animal heat more effectively than a similar dress of any other colour. What is true of the variable hare as a mammal is also true of the ptarmigan as a bird.

This points towards true hibernation, which is restricted to certain rather imperfectly warm-blooded animals, like hedgehog and bat, marmot and dormouse. They seek out confined spaces and sheltered corners, where the temperature is higher than in the surrounding world, and relapse into a sort of reptilian cold-bloodedness. Their income is nil, their expenditure reduced to a minimum. Most of them emerge in spring, none the worse for their long fast, all the better for their long rest.

The neatest solution of all is that of the migratory birds, for they conquer the winter by circumventing it, "changing their season in a night," and having two summers in their year! In this article we have not done more than mention a variety of ways of meeting the winter, and there are others which we have not spoken of at all; but the point is to illustrate how we may get a unified view of a great variety of processes which are different solutions of the same problem, different tactics used against a common enemy.



## FISH SCALING A SEVEN-FOOT WALL: A REMARKABLE FEAT.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



PECTORAL AND PELVIC FINS AS "HANDS AND FEET": A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF "CATFISH"  
CLIMBING FROM THE JUMNA CANAL UP TO THE JUMNA RIVER, AT TAJAWALLA.

The expert to whom we submitted this photograph writes: "The fishes represented belong to some species of 'catfish,' but it is impossible to give any more definite name than that. A number of Indian catfishes, especially in places where they are living in swiftly running streams or rapids, are provided with special sucker-like

apparatus, formed either from the mouth or fins. The fishes in the photograph appear to be climbing with the aid of their pectoral and pelvic fins." The Jumna, it will be recalled, is the chief affluent of the Upper Ganges. It supplies the waters for the irrigation works of the East and the West Jumna Canals.



## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

CONTINENTAL critics, from the Middle Ages onwards, have all agreed that no country could equal England in the matter of choral singing. Less cordial was their admiration of the music which English composers wrote for the singers of their native land. English choral music has at certain times descended to a deplorable level of dullness; but it is nevertheless true that in other cases choral music has represented England at its best, in spite of the want of sympathy shown by critics from abroad. There is a reason for this want of sympathy which, if not exactly sound, is at least capable of explanation. It is this—that, whenever English choral music has risen to its highest level, it has been so closely and intimately associated with the noblest examples of English poetry that no foreign listener could ever enter fully into the spirit of it unless he were saturated with the spirit of English literature. Even to our sacred music this applies no less than to secular works. A foreign listener may understand the theological significance of the Bible, but the English Bible has, quite apart from its subject-matter, a literary value which only a profound student of the English language can appreciate. When we consider works of such poets as Milton, Shelley, or Tennyson that have been set to music by English composers, we can see that, translated into a foreign language, especially under the peculiarly difficult conditions of translating words to fit a given musical setting, they can never appeal to foreign ears with the intense emotional force that they have for educated Englishmen.

What lifted the great English choral composers of the past generation far above their predecessors, and above many of their contemporaries, was their acute literary intelligence. In the case of Hubert Parry this devotion to literature was almost a

did upon the music which he himself composed for them. Whenever he rehearsed a chorus in any work of his own, he invariably seemed to concentrate all his efforts upon getting the words brought out with their proper expression. To many Continental musicians such an attitude towards music would imply that the man had no real impulse to the creation of music. German composers during the last fifty years have produced many choral works of great impressiveness; but in almost all cases an English listener cannot help feeling that the composer regarded the poem which he set as nothing more than a peg on which to hang his own music. Certainly, we must make some allowance for differences of language. English is much more supple and various in its rhythms than German; German offers more opportunities than English for the prolongation of syllables or broad vowels. The German composer seems to consider chiefly the general sentiment of a poem, and then seeks to express that with all the resources at his command. He will take a poem which in print seems small, slight, and intimate in feeling, and have no scruple about turning it into a huge musical work in which every emotion is developed to its utmost capacity. The result may sometimes be a musical composition of great solemnity and beauty, but the English hearer can hardly help feeling offended at the want of respect shown to the original poem.

The English composer, on the other hand, sometimes shows so much respect to the poet that he sacrifices purely musical beauty to literary expression. Indeed, he sometimes overreaches himself and spoils the beauty of the poem in the effort to do justice

[Continued overleaf.]



FIRE BY ARMED RAIDERS: PATHÉ'S PREMISES IN MIDDLE ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN, BURNED OUT.

At about 9.30 on the morning of February 6, armed men entered the Pathé premises and ordered four women assistants and a male messenger into another room. They then threw petrol about the floors and fired it. The work-people already mentioned dashed out, suffering from slight burns. As they were watching the blaze, an explosion blew out a large window on the first floor, and it fell upon them. A woman and a boy and two passers-by were knocked down and badly injured.

Photograph by L.N.A.

limitation. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that he loved poetry more than he loved music. It can hardly be doubted, at any rate, that he placed an infinitely higher value on the poems of Milton, Shelley, or Tennyson which he set to music than he

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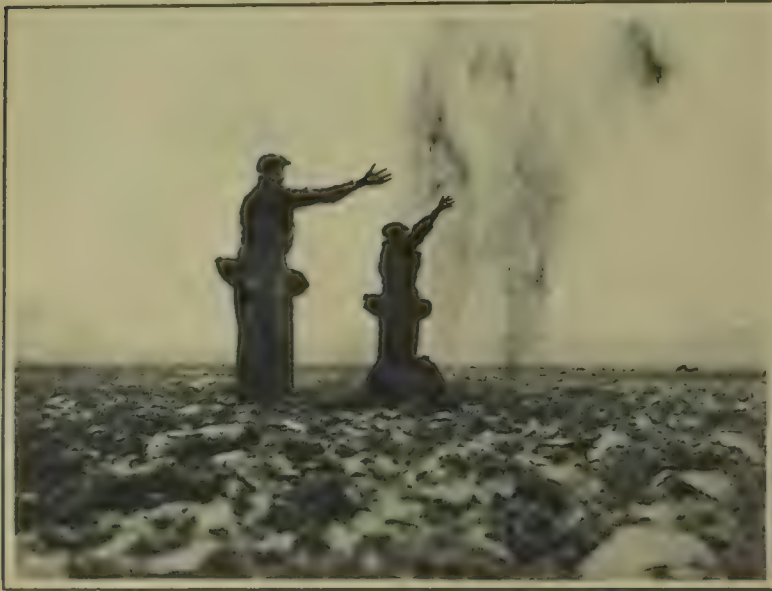
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FRONT VIEW OF WORLD-FAMED CASINO. THE BOULINGRIN.



Continued  
to every single point of it. The Poet Laureate pointed that out many years ago, and warned composers against the danger of exaggerating the poet's declamation until it became rhetorical and theatrical.



A CURIOUS OCCUPATION: BOYS SCATTERING SOOT FROM LONDON'S CHIMNEYS—AS A FERTILISER FOR CROPS.

Many tons of soot are collected daily, for disposal to farmers, who use it for fertilising the land. The photograph was taken in Kent.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

A good example of the declamatory style of that period is Stanford's "The Revenge," which set a certain fashion in the choral treatment of ballads. Unfortunately, Stanford's imitators did not always possess Stanford's fine sense of discretion, and the choral ballad in feeble hands became somewhat ridiculous. The choral music of Parry and Stanford has never been properly appreciated abroad; it did not bear translation. Elgar's choral works were understood in other countries, because his literary feeling was never strong enough to stand in his way.

Modern music has discarded many of the mannerisms of its predecessors, but Parry and Stanford have set a tradition which in its finest ideals still dominates English choral music. Of that tradition, Vaughan Williams is the chief representative to-day. That

it persists among a still younger generation was evident from a new work which was brought out last week by the Westminster Choral Society at Queen's Hall—"Before Dawn," by C. Armstrong Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs has already made his mark as a composer of songs. He possesses the rare gift of expressing himself in vocal melody, and at the same time he shows great skill in giving his songs a beauty of musical form apart from literary expression. One of the obvious difficulties which confronts a songwriter is that a poem often contains some emotional point which needs emphasis, and that the effort to secure this emphasis in the music distorts the natural contour of the melody. But it is a difficulty which can be overcome by technical skill. A clever musician, as Mozart has shown over and over again, can not only solve technical problems of this kind, but can make the solution intensify the literary emotion and add new and unexpected beauty to the music as well.

Mr. Gibbs is at his best in setting the poems of Walter de la Mare; indeed, he seems to have attached himself musically to Mr. de la Mare, much as Stanford attached himself to Tennyson. "Before Dawn" is a characteristic poem of Mr. de la Mare, and Mr. Gibbs brings out its beauties with skill and with his own characteristic simplicity. He is, indeed, simple to the point of austerity, and for this reason singers often take a considerable time before they realise the beauty that underlies his work. He studiously avoids all superfluous decoration; he makes his effects by the smallest possible strokes. Singers who take up his songs may often fear that his songs will not make an impression on an audience; but when they are sung with care and consideration, and with due understanding of the words, the singer finds that they impress an audience more deeply than songs of a more obviously "effective" type. The Westminster Choral Society sang "Before Dawn" with

some care, but they were a long way from understanding its fine qualities. There was the same shortcoming in the orchestra; the accompaniments are so reticent and so simple that they require to



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Photograph by C.N.

be played with as much consideration as it is customary to show towards a string quartet. "Before Dawn," it is true, is easy enough, as far as the mere notes go, for any village choral society and any amateur orchestra; but it requires delicate handling, and will not respond to rough-and-ready treatment. EDWARD J. DENT.

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## Fashions and Fancies.

**Signs of Spring.** One certain sign of spring has already occurred — namely, the wonderful parade of early models held at Lucile's, 41, Hanover Square. Without this important event, the advent of spring would be a comparatively colourless affair. The mannequin parade was even more interesting than usual this year, as the designs were very ingenious and, in many cases, exquisitely beautiful. The evening gowns might be divided into two



The Compactom wardrobe, which stands to the credit of Compactom, Ltd., Vantage House, Upper Berkeley Street, is the last word in efficient furnishing.

distinct styles, the wide, pannier-hipped Victorian models, of which there were a considerable number, and the modern dresses, in which the close-fitting sheath-like silhouette is more pronounced than ever. New and original cuffs were a feature of almost every frock designed for day wear, for the majority of evening gowns were innocent of even an apology for sleeves. In a deep fawn marocain coat-frock with long tight sleeves appeared outstanding organdie cuffs in the form of the old-fashioned sword-guards, bending back from

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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE King and Queen returned to Buckingham Palace at the beginning of last week instead of on the Thursday, as they had intended. The reason was the Queen's wish to be near Princess Mary. With their Majesties the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon also returned, and settlement of the date and arrangements for their wedding were at once entered upon. It is said that Lord and Lady Strathmore wished that their daughter could be married in Scotland, which to the head of a great Scottish house is natural. The King has said, however, that every child of his married in this country should have a Westminster Abbey wedding. This, too, is natural, for the Abbey has been bound up through centuries with weddings, coronations, and christenings of members of our Royal Family.

The visit of the King and Queen to Rome, if it takes place, will fill the Eternal City with visitors. King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena paid a State visit here very soon after their marriage. Our King and Queen have never paid the a State visit, although



She is wearing a pretty cami-knickers which she has made from Tamborina.

one has been thought of. The Queen has been in Rome in her girlhood, when she spent some time in Italy with her mother, the late Princess Mary Adelaide. Our Queen loves historical places, and would revel in Rome. Being there, their Majesties would visit the Pope—"that goes without saying"; the Prince of Wales did so when there. The Vatican would interest the Queen immensely; her Majesty would, of course, wear a high black dress and a Spanish mantilla. In this garb how handsome and distinguished our Queen would look!

The women of Ulster know what they are about when they choose presents for ladies of the highest rank. The lace train given to the Queen by them is an example of the best that there is in the lace-making industry of Carrickmacross. It is a special favourite with her Majesty, who wears it very often, and always speaks of it as "My Belfast ladies' lace." Now Princess Mary has received her wedding present from the women of Ulster at the hands of the Duchess of Abercorn and the Marchioness of Londonderry. Her Royal Highness has written about it: "Words fail me sufficiently to express my deep gratitude for the beautiful linen. I have never seen more exquisite embroidery, and am lost in admiration of it; and I hope you will tell all the donors how much I appreciate their great kindness in sending me such a wonderful gift."

Already ancient Egyptian influences are apparent in the dresses of the moment. Recently I saw three coats worn by three ladies who are well known for smart dressing. All three were of embroidery in wool and silk in many colours on a dark-grey foundation. All three were long and almost tightly fitting—that is to say, as near the figure as possible, but not following its curves. All three were deeply bordered with dark fur. Here, I think, was the anachronism: the ladies of ancient Egypt did not wear fur, and their cats could live secure of their coats, because they were sacred animals. Another dress recently worn by a lady who is always "in the movement" was of brown

crêpe-de-Chine swathed so closely to the figure that movement was impeded, and something of the colour and form of a mummy was suggested.

I am told that the gold-headed cobra, and not the Ankh, is the trinket that is to be brought into fashion by the Egyptian "find" sensation. The former is the symbol of Egyptian monarchy; the latter is a symbol of happiness. Personally, I prefer the latter, for, apart from a real dislike of "serpents" in any shape or form, I have an affinity with happiness and none with Egyptian monarchy. The Ankh is quite a pretty device. I do not imagine that we shall take to sandals, even if of gold, which would render us heavy-footed. Think of the muddy days in London, when even the proprietresses of the most desired cars have to cross a pavement now and again! Think of the symmetry of feet destroyed by generations before us wearing shoes, and I am sure we shall all agree "there is nothing like leather."

To get some kind of change into the usual surroundings of our wedding ceremonies is difficult. To please everybody when the attempt is made is impossible. Recently there have been singularly picturesque processions of children in attendance on brides. While they have been whole-heartedly admired—and they were indeed lovely—many have said that they were too much like fancy-dress for a religious ceremony in church. Then a bride wore a Greek wreath; it was called a crown, but was really a flit-lying wreath of myrtle leaves with a cluster of berries in the centre. This also was admired, for it suited well its handsome wearer. The older-fashioned ladies deprecated the absence of the wreath of orange-blossoms; and the more modern of our sex bewailed the fact that the bridesmaids were in pairs in differing colours, and opined that their lovely dresses would have been so much more effective if all alike!



An alliance of Tamborina and fine lace which seems almost too beautiful to be used as a petticoat. (See page 266.)

There will be a strong Anglo-American entente at the marriage of Miss Field and Mr. Edmonstone. The latter is a son of Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone, a nephew of Mrs. George Keppel, and a 9th Lancer who was A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras. Miss Field is Countess Beatty's niece, and, since her entry into Society here, has made hosts of friends by reason of her own particularly charming, simple, and natural disposition, her intelligence, and, to put it in a few words, general niceness. Being a granddaughter of the late Marshall Field, millionaire many times over, of Chicago, she will be a well-endowed bride. There are many Americans of light and leading already in London who will mingle with Miss Field and Mr. Edmonstone's British friends in wishing them the best of luck on April 7 next.



Tamborina is the beautiful lawn employed for these attractive little frocks.

Danish throne and the title of Prince, and is now known as the Count of Rosenberg, with the qualification of Highness. He is a captain in the Danish Guards, and makes his home in Copenhagen. The romance of Princess Yolanda is said to have begun at the International Horse Show here last year, when it may be said that the Captain Count literally and metaphorically "jumped" into her affections, for he rode superbly, and was, in consequence, at her request, presented.

For some time there has been no wedding at the Guards' Chapel. That of Lord Stratheden and Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, which took place there last week, broke this arid record. It is a beautiful setting for a matrimonial event, despite its very unpromising exterior. Inside it is very ornate and really beautiful, while everything speaks of gallant Guards and their doings. The new Lady Stratheden and Campbell is tall and very handsome, and carried herself on her wedding day with rare distinction. Her father was in the Blues, and her mother has imported the blood of Britain beyond the seas into an old Fife family. The wedding was a charming one, with only child attendants, and there was some individuality about the music, for "O Perfect, Love" and "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" were left out, and "Father, Hear the Prayer" and "Breathe on Me" substituted; while the Salutation, "God be in my Head," from the Sarum Primer of 1558, set by Sir Walford Davies, was used, as it has been, apparently, of late at weddings.

It will be a great occasion and historical when the Duke of Abercorn, who will be accompanied by the Duchess and other members of the Irish Hamilton family, makes his State entry into Belfast on the 26th inst., as Governor-General of Northern Ireland. His Grace and the Duchess will be the guests of the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland and Lady Craig at Stormont Castle, and on the following day the Duke will open in State the Northern Parliament. The Irish Hamiltons stand for all that is straight and nice and dependable and loyal and true in Ulster. There are but two Dukes in Ireland—Abercorn and Leinster. A. E. L.



*The John Haig Clubland Series No. 17.*

## The Cocoa Tree Club.

IN the Reign of Queen Anne those two irreconcilable parties the Whigs and the Tories had their respective headquarters at the St. James's Coffee House in St. James's Street and the Cocoa Tree, a little higher up. By the year 1746 the latter had become a Club, and the house was then the headquarters of the Jacobite party in Parliament and included among its members Gibbon, whose great liking for it is shown in his many references to it. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Club was, in keeping with the times, the scene, says Timbs, of very high play, if not foul play. Typical of the lively incidents that at times took place was that when Henry Bate, militant editor of the "Morning Post," had his encounter with the famous "Fighting" Fitzgerald. Bate, who incidentally held Holy Orders, and later became a Baronet, had the previous evening visited Vauxhall with a party of ladies and had been insulted by Fitzgerald and some of his companions. The natural sequence was an exchange of cards and arrangements for a meeting on the following morning at the Cocoa Tree to settle details for the duel.

In the morning Fitzgerald was late, and when he eventually did arrive apologies had been tendered and accepted by Bate. No sooner had this been done than Fitzgerald appeared on the scene with a Captain Miles and insisted that the insulted editor should fight the Captain with his fists. In the end Bate, who preferred to fight with sword or pistol, was goaded by being dubbed a coward into taking on the match, and it is recorded that "in less than a quarter of an hour the coward had pulverised Captain Miles in an eminently satisfactory manner."

But although brawls such as this were common enough, those days were noted also for other things much more significant of good taste. Among them we may surely include the high esteem in which the habitués of all the famous London Clubs even then held John Haig, for this the *original* Haig Whisky had already behind it over a century of respect and appreciation among the discriminating and the connoisseur.



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE LOVE HABIT," AT THE ROYALTY.

IT is always a pleasure to see Mr. Seymour Hicks given a chance of proving afresh that he is the most mercurial of all our comedians; his exuberance of spirits, his irrepressible buoyancy, the lightness of touch, which enables him to make impudence charming and philandering a cheerful pastime, are invaluable in the sort of play for which our after-dinner pleasure-seekers are most pathetically eager nowadays—the play that involves the minimum of thinking and the maximum of laughter. But, while Seymour Hicks is the very man for this job, it is a pity that no English playwright—not even a Maugham—tries to fit him with a part, and that he should have to go to Gallic farce for his material. Occasionally such borrowing from Paris is worth while, as in the case of "The Man in Dress Clothes"; but too often farce from the Boulevards has to be deodorised, and loses much of any piquancy it has in the process. So it would seem to be with the play of Louis Verneuil's which Mr. Hicks has rechristened "The Love Habit," and which has for its theme the pursuit of a young married woman by a stranger who has for a moment held her in his arms while she fainted. Ugly in features, unscrupulous in methods, indifferent to rebuffs, he pesters her in public, tracks her to her home, forces himself by a species of blackmail on her husband as secretary, and dins in her ears the eternal refrain, "I love you and I mean to win your love." In the English version this duel of sex, which obviously has its caddish and unpleasant aspect as well as its amusing side, ends in defeat for the interloper. But this finish, while disarming, is also tame, and, it is to be feared, sends too many playgoers away from the

theatre almost sorry that the lady retained her virtue. Thus does bowdlerised French farce work almost as much mischief with our morals as the real article. But Mr. Hicks means no harm in his adaptation, and he is full of vitality and fun as the disappointed lover. Moreover, the production offers us

a surprising instance of self-sacrifice on the part of an actor-manager, Mr. Dennis Eadie contenting himself with playing a stick of a character and doing wonders with it. Miss Frances Carson as the hunted wife, and Miss Elizabeth Watson as an abetting maid, catch the right note of comedy, and they, with Mr. Claude Rains, give the ebullient Mr. Hicks the support he needs.



HUNTING WITH THE QUORN, FROM GREAT DALBY: THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
Photograph by Topical.

## "VIA CRUCIS," AT THE GARRICK.

Tastes differ, and there is no denying that spectacle for spectacle's sake wins daily more and more devotees in the theatre; but some of us at least vastly prefer the untampered simplicity of "Everyman," as it was some time ago given on the modern stage, to the ultra-ornamented and expanded form the morality has now assumed as "Via Crucis." Why the Garrick adapters should have gone to the version of Hoffmannsthal when the original was at their service it is hard to understand, the more so as the German modifications have gone far to kill the spirit of the old fable. Nor is this restored by the decorative treatment supplied by Sir Aston Webb, the costume designs of Mr. Buchel and Lady Martin Harvey, the sumptuousness of banquet scene, ballet, and ritual. Gone is the devotional appeal which "Everyman" expressed in its austere presentment. The morality as transformed in "Via Crucis" has become an affair of the theatre, heightened by the intrusion of comic and other characters which have much of the grotesqueness of pantomime. So, while it is possible to respect the aims of Sir John Martin Harvey—his desire to provide a fine framework for the story of Everyman's fall and repentance—and while we can praise the earnest fervour of his diction in the hero's rôle, it is not so easy to acquit him of an error of judgment over the whole production. To paint the lily is notoriously an unnecessary enterprise, and it is that sort of manipulation he and his helpers have applied to "Everyman."

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## SPORT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE naval officer enjoys exceptional opportunities for sport in distant lands, and few can have had such extensive and varied experiences of shooting as the author of "Sporting Reminiscences of South America, 1919-1921." (Riddle, Smith and Duffus.) The writer veils his identity under the pen-name of "Banderas," but from the words "H.M.S. Southampton" on the title-page, and from internal evidence, we discover that he was a member of that ship's company, and that during the period in question she cruised at one time and another all round the South American Continent. As he mentions in his foreword, he has "carefully left out all reference to 'shop.'" The book is dedicated to "A. T. H., and to the British communities of South America." The officer referred to as A. T. H., whose initials continually crop up all through the book, was evidently the leader of the landing parties of sportsmen, and possibly their commander, for we read: "It is chiefly due to the unbounded energy and personality of A. T. H. that we remained, and I hope always will remain, such a happy band of brothers." As for the British Communities, both large and small, they gave the visitors a "tremendous reception and welcome, and

the memory of their hospitality and kindness will always remain with us." This little side-light on the way in which the Navy is ever at work keeping up the social communications of the Empire is very

illuminating. The illustrations are both abundant and interesting. They consist of eighty plates, each containing two photographs, showing details of sporting methods, transport, types of natives and game, and examples of houses and scenery. Besides a map of the whole continent, there are four other maps illustrating various trips. In spite of the author's modest reference to his "simple and bad English and lack of literary talent," his diary is remarkably readable, being written in plain, straightforward language and a jolly, sailor-like style. At the end is given a list of the total bag from June 20, 1919, to April 15, 1921, but not stating the number of guns. The grand total of animals and birds shot was 23,470, and the larger items were: 12,496 small tinamou; 2130 large tinamou; 2513 snipe; 2505 ducks; 1398 teal; 714 hares; 659 geese; 480 doves. Among the other game mentioned there are many unfamiliar names, such as guanaco, peccary, capybara, cavy, viscacha, and so on. Some fishing catches are also mentioned. An Appendix gives descriptive particulars of various kinds of duck, teal, tinamou, swan, geese, snipe and plover, to enable other sportsmen to identify them. Altogether, the book admirably fulfils the author's purpose of recording experiences likely to be useful "to those that follow after."



HONOURING THOSE MEN OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR: AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL, BY COLONEL VISCOUNT HARDINGE, C.B.  
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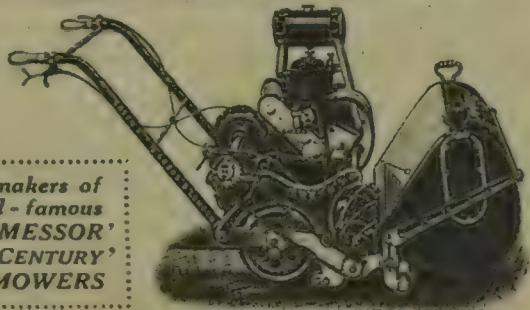
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The 20-h.p.  
Rolls-Royce.

I do not think I ever remember so much controversy being aroused by the production of a car as has turned about the appearance of the new 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce. Even before there was a single car ready to be seen by the public, numerous arm-chair critics suffering from the *cacoëthes scribendi* hastened to tell the public, through the correspondence columns of the motoring journals, what a mistake it was on the part of Messrs. Rolls-Royce to build a smaller car than the famous model on which their reputation has been built. Apart from that, the car was full of technical faults. It had a three-speed gear-box, which is all wrong. Central gear and brake control were embodied—which again is, so say these critics, absolutely wrong, and only to be justified on the score of cheapness of production. I had heard so much of this kind of thing that I paid more than usual attention, during a recent visit to Derby, to the manner in which the car is produced, and, as I recorded at the time, I saw every evidence that the same accuracy used in the production of the "40-50" is applied to that of the "20." Since that time I have had an opportunity of seeing how the car performs over my favourite trial route. After many years of these trials and demonstrations, one is apt to suffer from a lack of enthusiasm, and to take for granted things that at an earlier date would have left a lasting impression. One result of this is that a very good car, whose performance is only a little in front of that of another good one, is apt to be dismissed as being one of the ruck. One cannot, however, draw any false conclusions about the comparative merits of the Rolls-Royce "20." It is a perfectly wonderful car, and stands out so far in front of others of the same rating that, even allowing for its high cost in comparison,

it stands in a class quite by itself. The critics who have not tried the car on the road may say what they like, but, having seen it built and having tried it, I have not the slightest hesitation in telling them that they know nothing about it. One may take any single attribute of the really first-class car, or take them altogether, and, whether singly or collectively, this new Rolls-Royce fulfils 100 per cent. of one's

rating that are faster, though not much. It is in the combination of all the qualities that the Rolls-Royce excels. I know nothing which is comparable.

The Scottish  
Show.

exhibition was wont

Within the last few weeks the Scottish Motor Show has been held in Glasgow. Formerly this exhibition was wont to see at least two or three new cars produced which had not been ready in time for Olympia or had been held back for one reason or another. Those days have gone by, and the Show is now one of purely local interest and is supported solely by the Scottish trade. This year all the prominent manufacturing firms have had cars on show, but only through their agents, and there was thus nothing of outstanding interest to describe. So far as my information goes, there has been nothing there that we did not see at Olympia. Truly the glory of many old motoring institutions has departed.

The R.A.C. and  
Competitions.

The R.A.C.  
has recently

had under consideration the increase in the number of motor-car meetings and competitions which are not held under the rules of the club. In the early days of motoring it was not considered necessary to insist on the competition rules being adopted for the small and informal meetings organised by provincial clubs, and restricted to their members. For such meetings a code of rules known as the closed competition rules was prepared, but it was left to the organisers to decide whether or not they should be adopted in any particular instance. If the closed rules were not adopted the meeting was regarded by the club as "unrecognised," but no penalty attached to the holding of such a meeting so long as it was confined to the members of the organising club. There was, however, no appeal by a competitor to the stewards of the R.A.C., as is the case with all competitions held under the open or closed rules.

[Continued overleaf.]



A SEVERE TEST TO WHICH EVERY CROSSLEY CHASSIS IS SUBJECTED: TYPICAL COUNTRY ON THE CROSSLEY TEST ROUTE—A STIFF CLIMB WITH A "HAIRPIN" BEND.

expectations and requirements. Speed, silence, acceleration, braking—all are so nearly perfect that it is impossible to imagine how they could be improved. I will not attempt to describe the run itself, because, to do justice, one would have to compare performance with that of other cars, which is impossible. Not that I do not know other cars which can equal the Rolls in one or more details of performance. As a matter of fact, I do know cars that in one, or possibly more, of the essentials might be a little superior. For example, I know one or two of about the same

to their members. For such meetings a code of rules known as the closed competition rules was prepared, but it was left to the organisers to decide whether or not they should be adopted in any particular instance. If the closed rules were not adopted the meeting was regarded by the club as "unrecognised," but no penalty attached to the holding of such a meeting so long as it was confined to the members of the organising club. There was, however, no appeal by a competitor to the stewards of the R.A.C., as is the case with all competitions held under the open or closed rules.



## Three Years of Work—Three Millions of Money

This is what it cost to build the great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd., at Llandarcy, Wales, where "BP" Motor Spirit is made.

No expense has been spared, no resource of chemical and industrial science has been neglected to make this refinery the most efficient in existence. It represents the newest and highest development of refining practice.

With the best possible crude oil—the product of the famous Persian field—and the best possible refinery, the refined product is bound to be also the best possible. And the "Best Possible" is "BP."

If it were possible to make a better motor spirit, Llandarcy would make it.

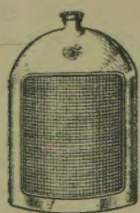
"BP" is the only entirely British petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can.

British Capital—British Enterprise—British Labour.



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**ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.**





"The Car you buy to Keep."

# Morris Cars

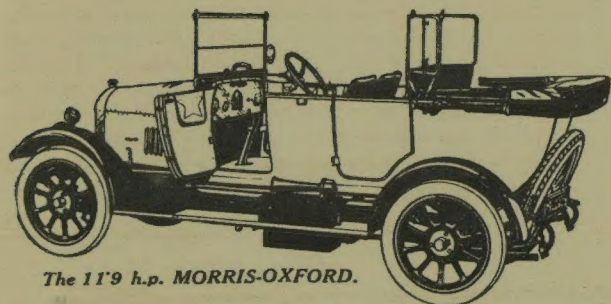
□ □ □

THERE is no car quite like a MORRIS. Light in weight, price and running costs, equipped with an outfit of the best and most costly accessories, such as is usually only to be found on cars of much higher price; particularly remarkable for Consistency of Road Performance—the MORRIS is the outstanding example of what highly trained British workmen can do under proper conditions of intelligent organisation and supervision, backed by twelve years' unceasing study of the Real needs of the owner-driver.

## PRICES

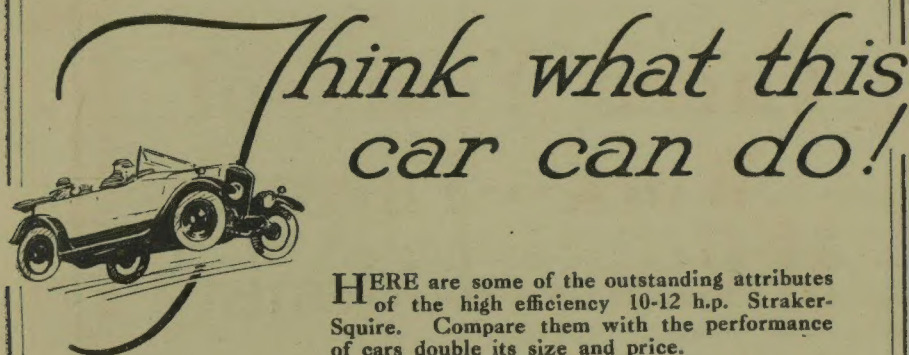
From £225 for the 11'9 2-seater to £450 for the 13'9 Cabriolet.

The 1923 Standard Models include Coupés and the famous Oxford All-Weather.



The 11'9 h.p. MORRIS-OXFORD.

MORRIS MOTORS  
Ltd.,  
COWLEY, OXFORD.



HERE are some of the outstanding attributes of the high efficiency 10-12 h.p. Straker-Squire. Compare them with the performance of cars double its size and price.

**SPEED**—Over 55 m.p.h. on the level.

**FLEXIBILITY**—2½ m.p.h. on top gear.

**ACCELERATION**—20 m.p.h. in 6 seconds; 30 m.p.h. in 12 seconds.

**HILL-CLIMBING**—Fully loaded 4-seater ascends Brooklands Test Hill on 2nd gear in 15 seconds.

**COMFORT**—Long semi-elliptic springs, enclosed in grease-retaining covers, spacious seats, soft, deep cushions, leather upholstery.

**CONVENIENCE**—Remarkably accessible. Large oil and petrol fillers. Exagun system of chassis lubrication, etc., etc.

**ECONOMY**—35 m.p.g. of petrol; 2,000 m.p.g. oil; 10,000 miles to the set of tyres. Tax £11.

In addition the new 10-12 h.p. Straker-Squire has all the refinement and luxury of a high-powered and expensive car. In every way it conforms to the high standard for which Straker-Squires have always been renowned.

## Models & Prices

10-12 h.p. 2 or 4 Seater **£400**

15-20 h.p. 2 or 4 Seater **£650**

24-80 h.p. Chassis **£850**

24-80 h.p. 2 or 4 Seater **£1150**

# Straker Squire

STRAKER-SQUIRE, Ltd.,

Angel Road, Edmonton, London, N

18

Telephone: Tottenham 2393.

Telegrams: "Rhomboidal," Tottenham, London.

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# NAPIER

The Proved Best

THE light weight to power ratio of the 40/50 h.p. Six Cylinder — the only Napier model manufactured — is one reason why the Napier has the distinct advantages of low fuel consumption, economy in tyres, phenomenal hill-climbing capabilities and a wonderful—

## Acceleration

"OF all the endearing qualities in a fully developed car that challenges comparison with anything in the world, there is nothing more charming than instant and fluent acceleration, and in this respect I certainly know of nothing that can beat the Napier." *Tatler, 1st. Nov., 1922*

As satisfactory and reliable on the road as the Napier aero engine is in the air.

D. NAPIER & SON LTD.  
14, New Burlington Street, W.1  
Works: ACTON, LONDON, W.3.



The experience of 20 years of success is embodied in the 1923 MODELS

## SLEEVE VALVE ENGINES

4-cylinder...15 h.p. & 20 h.p.

6-cylinder...20 h.p. & 30 h.p.

(With four-wheel brakes)

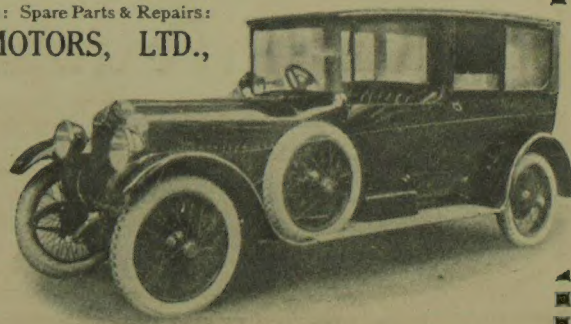
Showrooms & Offices: Spare Parts & Repairs:

MINERVA MOTORS, LTD.,

Minerva House,  
CHENIES ST.,  
LONDON, W.C.1

Telephones:  
Museum 40-41.

Telegrams:  
"Citraconic,"  
London.







THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE WAR MEMORIAL:  
SILVER CANDLESTICKS IN ST. PAUL'S.

As a war memorial to 1700 men of the London Rifle Brigade, this pair of solid silver altar candlesticks was dedicated in the Kitchener Memorial Chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral, on January 17, by the Bishop of London. The candlesticks, which are 4 ft. 6 in. high and weigh 400 oz., were made of silver contributed by relatives of the fallen, many parents sending cups and medals won by their dead sons, to be melted down for the purpose. The work was executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street.

(Continued.)

The latitude granted to "unrecognised" meetings has been abused, and the practice has grown up of holding meetings of a far more ambitious character than was originally contemplated, under rules which are drafted by the organisers themselves, and which in many cases do not provide for the proper conduct of the meeting or the adequate protection of the competitors.

The R.A.C. has received numerous complaints and reports as to these irregular meetings, and decided that in future all competitions and meetings must be held under either the open or the closed competition rules of the club. If a promoter desires to make supplementary regulations to cover some particular form of competition it will, as heretofore, be competent for him to do so provided such regulations are approved by the R.A.C.

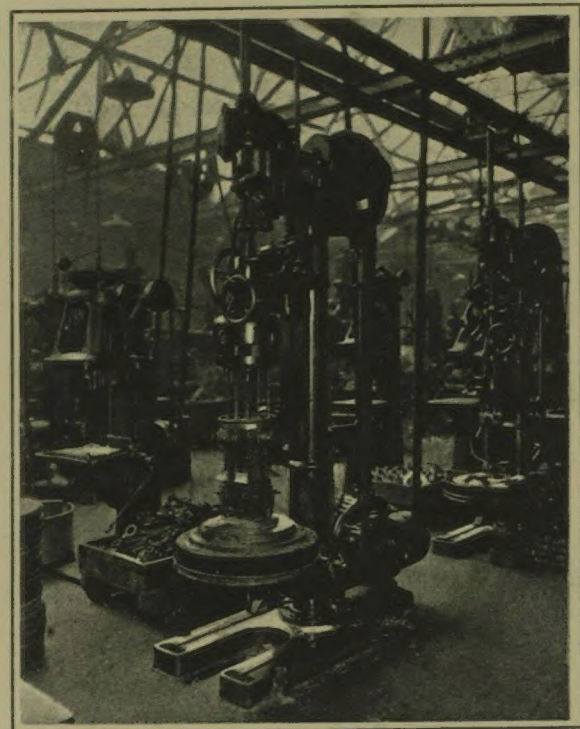
The competition rules have recently been revised by the committee of the R.A.C. and brought up to date in accordance with the new policy of the club in regard to closed meetings. The revised code is now in the printer's hands, and will shortly be published. In the meanwhile, promoters can obtain full information and advice on any doubtful points on application to the secretary of the R.A.C.

#### One Hundred per Week.

Gwynnes' Engineering Company, Ltd., are straining every department to meet urgent demands for their little "Eight," whose success at Olympia was repeated at the Scottish Show, and cars are now being put through at the rate of one hundred per week. It is stated by the Service Motor Company, Ltd., the sole concessionaires, that with the maintenance of this output delivery will be ensured within two or three weeks, and intending purchasers are invited to "book early."

A Zenith Tool. A very handy little tool has been introduced by the Zenith Carburettor Company in a plug key—a spanner for removing the plugs under the jets on vertical

carburetters, and also for the plug over the slow-running tube on the horizontal type. It costs only 1s. 6d., and is a very handy tool to have in the kit in case of a jet-stoppage on the road. W. W.



THE MAKING OF MOTOR MECHANISM: A SPECIAL FIXTURE, WITH MULTI-HEAD ATTACHMENT, FOR DRILLING CONNECTING RODS, IN THE WORKS OF CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., AT GORTON, MANCHESTER.

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A card brings you by return this little book of the Rudge. No superfluous matter—interesting illustrations—clear, concise specifications, fullest details, prices etc. An interesting book—a necessary book to the prospective cyclist. Write now for a copy—post free. Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd. (Dept. 256) COVENTRY, & (Dept. 256), 230 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1. AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

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Britain's Best Bicycle

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(& CO., LTD.),

Thorncliffe Ironworks, Near Sheffield.

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OF HEATING APPARATUS.



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## What keeps Mother so cheerful?



WHAT a busy, cheerful person mother is. Up first in the morning and in bed last at night, the whole day crammed with endless jobs all performed readily and kindly.

Mother knows how necessary it is to keep fit and well so that she can watch over her home circle and she makes a point of keeping her system toned up and cleansed of minor ailments.

Beecham's Pills banish Indigestion, Constipation, Liverishness and the small ailments that make life a burden.

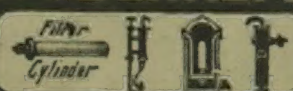
They are the Family Remedy

# Beechams Pills

Sold in  
boxes,

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1/3 and 3/-

## THE BRITISH BERKEFELD



**FILTER**

SARDINIA  
HOUSE  
KINGSWAY  
LONDON  
W.C.2.

## Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds. Buy a tin today at your chemist.

4s. 6d. a tin

## To drive out a cold take a Mustard Bath

A couple of tablespoonsful or so of COLMAN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD or the contents of a carton of their Bath Mustard.



## Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

SANI-FLUSH does the work formerly done by hand, or by other unpleasant, uncertain methods.

Simply sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl—and flush.

Sani-Flush eliminates odours by keeping bowl and hidden trap spotlessly clean—without injuring them. Keep it handy.

Sani-Flush sells for 1/9 per large 22 oz. can, at all Chemists, Ironmongers and Grocers. If not obtainable, send us 1/9 and 6d. extra for cost of postage and packing.

General Sales Agents

The British Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.  
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## An Open Fire without the old disabilities

**T**HE open fire is rightly preferred to any other system of domestic heating.

If it is a raw coal fire, it has very serious disadvantages.

The raw coal fire requires constant attention and involves considerable domestic labour.

The raw coal fire increases dirt and dust within the house and pollutes the atmosphere outside.

If it is a modern gas fire, it has none of these drawbacks.

The gas fire provides heat just when and so long as it is required, without trouble for anyone.

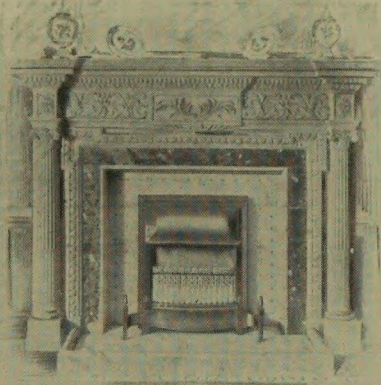
The gas fire is clean; it makes no dirt, dust, smuts or smoke inside or outside the house.

The Ideal Open Fire  
is  
The Modern Gas Fire

All who value comfort, convenience and economy in their homes should write for illustrated brochure "Woman in her Home."

The BRITISH  
COMMERCIAL  
GAS  
ASSOCIATION

30 Grosvenor Gardens,  
Westminster, S.W. 1.



# SINGER



**T**HE grotesque appearance which many motorists assume during the winter in their endeavours to protect themselves adequately from the weather whilst motoring is entirely unnecessary with the new SINGER Models. With the hood up and the side-screens in position, the car provides all the advantages of a permanently enclosed model, whilst with the hood down the rigid side screens provide complete protection from draught and side winds. If desired, the rear side-screens can be adjusted to form a V-shaped rear screen.

Add these latest improvements to the existing reputation for reliability and service which the SINGER has held since 1912 and you get a car which should recommend itself to all discerning motorists who have the experience to appreciate those points which differentiate between the ordinary run of good cars and the SINGER.

**The Coventry Premier 10 h.p. Car** now manufactured by the Singer Company, is the same engine, chassis, and body as the famous Singer "Ten," but without Electric Starter, Side Curtains, and certain refinements which account for the difference in the price.

### 1923 PRICES

15 h.p. SINGER Six-Cylinder Four or Five-Seater	520 Gns.
10 h.p. SINGER All-Weather Two and Four-Seaters	280 Gns.
10 h.p. COVENTRY PREMIER Two and Four-Seaters	230 Gns.

All the above cars have Dunlop Tyres and Rotax Equipment. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

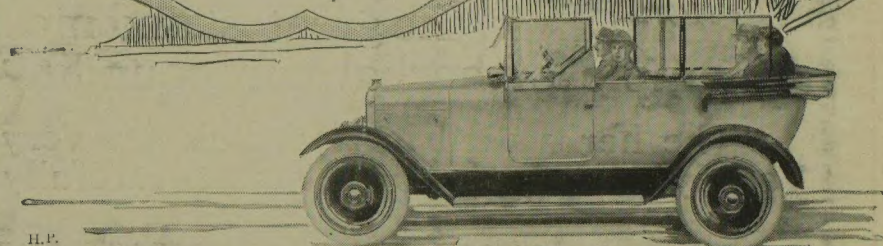
SINGER AND CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

London Service Depot:

York Works, Brewery Road, Holloway, N.

The Car illustrated is the SINGER 10 h.p. Four-Seater.



H.P.

## WINTER on the FRENCH RIVIERA

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SPORTING CENTRE of the COTE D'AZUR. Numerous Car Services at reduced prices. The road to the ALPS. THE ESTEREL & THE MAURES. THE GORGES DU LOUP.

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If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in combfuls try the following treatment. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

## Child Victim

of terrible attack of St. Vitus' Dance  
completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

**T**HOUSANDS of ailing children—nervous—weak—puny because of malnutrition, indigestion, and anæmia—have been restored to perfect health and strength by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. And what this splendid medicine has done for other children it will assuredly do for yours—build up the frail and weakly system to bonny, rosy health. Commence with Dr. Cassell's to-night, and you will see a wonderful difference in a week.



Mrs. Prewitt, 65, College Street, Southampton, says:—"My little girl, Dorothy, had St. Vitus' Dance when she was five, a terrible attack. Her arms and legs would jerk about in all directions, and I dared not let her go out alone. Then she lost power couldn't even speak nor see and for a time didn't know anybody. She was helpless as a log, and I really thought she would never recover. However, I gave her Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the first box made a difference, so I continued giving them and gradually power returned. With four boxes she was cured and now, at seven years old, she is as well as a child could be."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Headache
Neuritis	Anæmia
Indigestion	Palpitation
Sleeplessness	Kidney Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's Weakness
Nerve Pains	Wasting

Especially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

# Dr. Cassell's Tablets

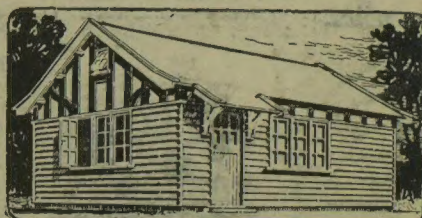
Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

## Hindes HAIR TINT

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct by stating shade required to—

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A Recreation or Billiard Room away from the house can be owned by anyone with a garden. The Browne & Lilly Recreation Room is airy, compact and easily erected. Sturdy and weatherproof, it is an ideal accessory for a large family or small social club.

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BROWNE & LILLY, Ltd.,  
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**T**HERE is a power and reliability in herbal medicines that does not belong to mineral drugs. Herbal remedies, of course, mean more trouble seeking, refining and making-up.

This was the genesis of the discovery of Zam-Buk, the greatest and most perfect example of herbal compounding to-day.

The herbs used in Zam-Buk are very rare and costly and have to be most carefully selected.

## **A UNIQUE COMBINATION**

Extracts from these rare herbs are taken by skilled chemists and refined and united in secret proportions and at particular temperatures.

The ultimate outcome of all this patience and skill is *a skin balm unique in idea* and far-reaching in its effects. Zam-Buk is also absolutely free from the animal fats which cause ordinary ointments to turn rancid.

For over a generation Zam-Buk has been found to heal injuries, cure skin disease, allay irritation and inflammation, and grow new healthy skin in an unprecedented manner.

Zam-Buk is a real scientific skin-cure. Beware of cheap and worthless substitutes.

Zam-Buk may be obtained from The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds, Eng.; and from The Zam-Buk Company's branches at Sydney, Australia; Cape Town, S. Africa; Toronto, Canada; and Smith Stanistreet, & Co., Calcutta, India.

SEND A POSTCARD for a **FREE SAMPLE** Box of Zam-Buk to any address of the Zam-Buk Co. You will also get free of all charge a valuable book on skin ailments and their treatment. Mention "Illustrated London News," February 17th, 1923.



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